YANK

THE ARMY WEE

5¢ MAR. 2
VOL. 3, NO. 37
1945

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The War Against Winter on the Western Front

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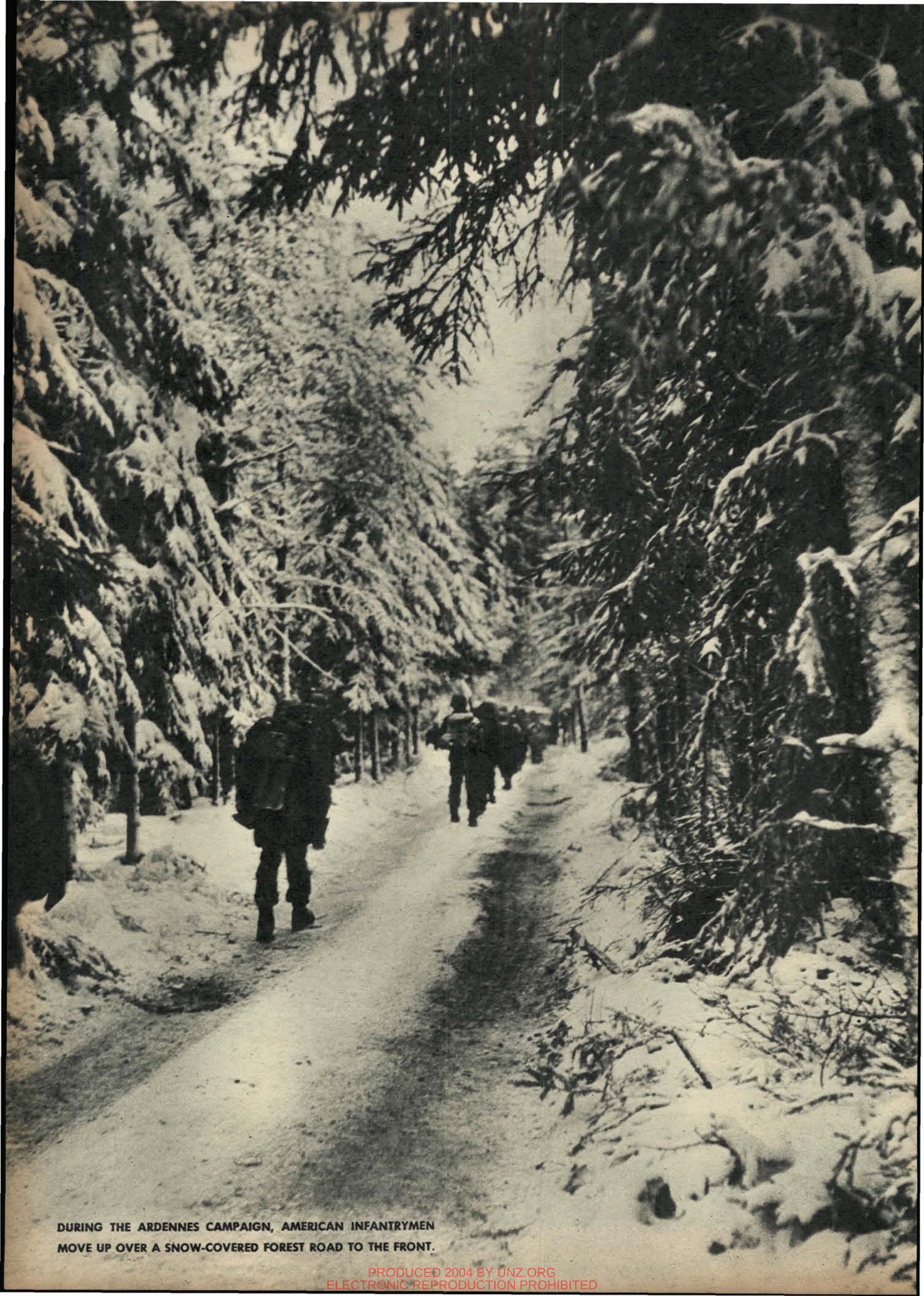

DURING THE ARDENNES CAMPAIGN, AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN MOVE UP OVER A SNOW-COVERED FOREST ROAD TO THE FRONT.

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U.S. SOLDIERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT LEARN TO FIGHT WEATHER THE HARD WAY.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 83D DIVISION IN BELGIUM—The Ardennes campaign was more than a fight against the strongest German attack we had faced since the early days in Normandy. It was also a fight against almost daily snowstorms in near sub-zero temperatures and face-freezing winds which doubled the difficulty of rolling back the German advance.

We learned a lot about winter warfare in the Ardennes. Some of it was learned the hard way by frostbitten hands and feet, pneumonia and various bronchial ailments. Besides physical difficulties, there was the added trouble of frozen weapons, equipment and even food. But out of it all came the GI's usual improvising and home-made remedies which will be unofficial SOP from now on.

Line-company men of the 83d Division, who cleared the Bois de Ronce of German opposition in a continuous eight-day push that enabled the armored spearheads to follow through to the vital St. Vith-Houffalize highway, learned a lot of ways to fight winter weather during that operation. Their methods were often makeshift and crude because there was no time to waste on details. But those hastily improvised methods of keeping themselves moderately warm and dry and their weapons and equipment workable played an important part in the ultimate success of the operation.

T/Sgt. Wilburn McQuinn of Helechawa, Ky., a platoon sergeant in the 331st Regiment, used the usual method for frostbite prevention in his platoon by insisting on frequent toe- and finger-clenching exercises to keep the blood circulating. But he and his men learned some other tricks, too.

"Some of the men took off their overshoes and warmed their feet by holding them near burning GI heat rations (fuel tablets) in their foxholes," McQuinn said. "Others used waxed K-ration boxes which burn with very little smoke but a good flame. Both GI heat and K-ration boxes are also fine for drying your socks or gloves. I also used straw inside my overshoes to keep my feet warm while we were marching. Some of our other men used newspapers or wrapped their feet with strips of blankets or old cloth."

McQuinn's company commander, Capt. Robert F. Windsor had another angle on keeping feet warm. "We found our feet stayed warmer if we didn't wear leggings," Capt. Windsor explained. "When they get wet from snow and then freeze, leggings tighten up on your legs and stop the flow of blood to your feet. That's true also of cloth overshoes which are tight fitting. When snug-fitting overshoes get wet and freeze, they bind your legs. It looks to me like overshoes should be issued two or three sizes larger than shoes to prevent that."

"Another 'must' in this kind of weather," Capt. Windsor continued, "is to have the men remove their overshoes at night when it's possible. Otherwise these cloth arctics sweat inside, and that makes the feet cold. Of course, the best deal is to have a drying tent set up so you can pull men out of the line occasionally and let them get thoroughly dried out and warm."

The drying tent to which Capt. Windsor referred is nothing more than a pyramidal tent set up in a covered location several hundred yards behind the front, with a GI stove inside to provide heat. There an average of seven men at a time can dry their clothes and warm themselves before returning to their foxholes. This procedure takes from 45 minutes to two hours, depending on how wet the men's clothes are. All the front-line outfits in the 83d Division used this method.

Sgt. Estelle Jacoby of Canton, Ohio, set up a stove in his foxhole to protect himself from the frigid temperatures of the Ardennes. First he stretched his shelter half over the foxhole for a roof, leaving a few inches uncovered at one end. Then he rigged up an empty ammunition box as a stove, burning tree branches for fuel. The opening at the end served as a smoke escape.

Another 331st man used a modified version of Jacoby's plan by stretching a blanket over his hole and using GI heating rations for the stove. Fuel tablets, used primarily for cooking purposes, which come in units of three, like D rations, are burned one at a time. Each third of a unit burns for about 15 minutes, throwing off a fair amount of heat. They should be placed in a cup or a can near one end of a hole to control the draft. When used for cooking, the fuel tablet is sufficient to heat a can of C rations and a cup of coffee.

Other 83d men, who were sufficiently far back to do a little more detailed improvising, found that a pretty fair stove could be made by cutting off the tops of unusable jerry cans and using an 81-mm mortar tube as a stovepipe. The same procedure works well with gasoline drums, and such a home-made stove will throw enough heat to make a cellar room quite comfortable.

BECAUSE of their almost continuous advance, it was all but impossible to get sleeping bags and straw up to the front-line troops. In place of straw, the men used branches of trees as matting for their foxholes. Logs and more branches were used as a roof to protect them from tree bursts. GI pioneer tools, which include axes and saws, were issued to each outfit for foxhole-construction work. Raincoats, other coats and the usual GI blankets were used for covers. Two or three men slept in each hole, close enough so that they could pool their blankets. Some slept with their helmets on, for an extra measure of warmth.

The chief difficulty men had in carrying their own blankets was that they got wet with snow and then froze, making them hard to roll and heavy to carry. The same held true with GI overcoats, which became water-logged after several days in the snow and slush.

On some of the more frigid nights, the men abandoned any hope of sleep and walked around and exercised all night to keep from freezing.

The front-line troops of the 83d were issued a dry pair of socks each day. However, wading through icy streams and plodding through knee-deep snowdrifts often resulted in men soaking two or three pairs of socks within a few hours. In such cases, the men wrung out their socks thoroughly and placed them inside their shirts or under their belts, where the heat generated by their bodies gradually dried them out. Another sock-drying method was to put them under the blankets and sleep on them at night.

"When we had to wade through snowdrifts and streams our pants would sometimes get wet clear up to the knees," S/Sgt. Leslie C. Haessley, a squad leader from St. Paul, Minn., said. "For a while our legs would be almost numb. Then our pants would freeze solid and they'd be a sort of windbreaker for us and keep us a little warmer. But when it warmed up, our pants would thaw out and we'd get numb all over again. Another thing that bothered us was that we couldn't always take off our wet shoes at night. If we did, and didn't have time to dry them out before we went to sleep, they'd be frozen stiff in the morning and we couldn't get them on."

Some of the men preferred to let their pants legs drop outside their overshoes to keep the snow out. All of them agreed that the cloth overshoes are not very good for snow fighting as they soak through easily and then freeze stiff, which makes them difficult to take off. The men are convinced that rubber overshoes are the better of the two types of footwear.

Marshlands in some sections of the Bois de Ronce added to the infantryman's troubles. When digging in for the night, they hit water two feet down. That meant two or three inches would accumulate in their foxholes before they were ready to go. This also forced them to move around gingerly on branches to avoid sinking into the water. One night, a platoon of the 83d had to dive into muddy foxholes without any preliminaries when a German tank came along a forest path spraying MG bullets. By the time the tank had retreated, every man in the platoon had had the front of his field jacket and pants, plus shoes and socks, thoroughly soaked. Enemy pressure that night was so strong that none of the dripping soldiers could be spared to go back to the drying tent. They spent the entire night in wet clothes with the temperature less than 10 above zero.

THE front-line troops were critical of their white snow capes. They all said the capes were too loose for fighting and that, as a result, they caught on nearby branches and not only ripped, but forced their already overburdened wearers to take time out to unhook themselves. The thin fabric soaked up rain and melted snow very quickly. Then, when they froze up, "they rattled like a bunch of tin," as one recon-patrol

The GIs in these trucks have just been relieved and are due for a rest

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In a snow-swept town in the Ardennes an MP waves two jeeps through at a turning

man explained in describing their unfitness for use when strict silence is necessary. In a few units, the men managed to get bed sheets and other white cloths from nearby villages, but most outfits operated without any camouflage at all when their issued capes proved impractical.

The standard GI gloves also proved unsatisfactory for winter fighting, 83d men reported. When wet, they froze up and prevented the free movement of the fingers. Nor were they very durable, wearing out in a few days under the tough usage they got in the forest fighting. When their gloves wore out, many of the men used spare pairs of socks as substitutes.

Most of the infantrymen wore impregnated hoods from their impregnated clothing to keep the snow from dropping down their necks. Others found that a GI towel makes an excellent muffler, or even a set of ear muffs when wrapped around the head under the helmet. Still another improvisation was the use of sleeping bags for combat suits. To be sure of having their bags with them at all times, some of the men cut leg holes in them and drew them up tight, like a pair of combat jumpers. During the day, they made a warm uniform; at night, they served the original purpose as sleeping bags.

Web equipment was a problem. It froze solidly on cold nights and had to be beaten against a tree in the morning in order to make it pliable enough for use.

"Another headache was the water freezing in our canteens," said S/Sgt. Otho B. Upchurch, a platoon guide from Dahlgren, Ill. "The canteens swelled up because of the ice, and it was hard to get them out of the canteen covers. Most of the guys took their canteens to bed with them and kept them under the blankets so they wouldn't freeze."

Frozen weapons were one of the most dangerous effects of the winter warfare in the Ardennes. Automatic weapons were the chief concern, although some trouble was experienced with M1 rifles and carbines. Small arms had to be cleaned twice daily, because of the snow, and none of the larger guns could be left unused for any length of time without freezing up.

"The M1's were okay if we kept them clean and dry," said T/Sgt. Albert Runge, a platoon sergeant from Boston, Mass. "You had to be careful not to leave any oil on them or they would freeze up and get pretty stiff. But you could usually work it out quick by pulling the bolt back and forth a few times. Sometimes the carbines got stiff and wouldn't feed right, but you could always work that out, too."

However, during the fighting at Petit Langlier, Pvt. Joseph Hampton found himself in a spot where he had no time to fool around with the above methods. Just as his outfit started into action, Hampton found that ice had formed in the chamber of his M1. With no time to waste, Hampton thought and acted fast. He urinated into the chamber, providing sufficient heat to thaw it out. Not five minutes later, he killed a German with his now well-functioning rifle. Hampton's company commander vouches for that story.

"The BARs gave us the most trouble," Runge said. "They froze up easily when not in use. Ice formed in the chamber and stopped the bullet from going all the way in, besides retarding the movement of the bolt. We thawed them out by cupping our hands over the chamber or holding a heat ration near it until it let loose. Most of the automatic weapons were okay too, after you worked them a few times manually, and we never did have any trouble with 'grease guns.'"

Some other outfits reported that the lubricants in their light machine guns and antitank guns froze. Heat tablets were ignited to thaw out the machine guns which couldn't be cocked. But blow torches were needed before the antitank guns were put back into firing condition.

Communication men of the 83d had headaches in the Ardennes fighting. Breath vapors wet the inside of their radio mouthpieces and then froze, cutting off transmission of their speech. Most of the time, the mikes were thawed out with cupped hands or by placing them inside sweaters.

And Pfc. Frank Gaus of Pittsburgh, Pa., solved the problem by inserting a piece of cellophane inside the mouthpiece to prevent the moisture from accumulating there.

Other communications difficulties were experienced when radio batteries froze up and went dead. Signal Corps wire-maintenance crews were kept on 24-hour duty by numerous torn-out lines which resulted when tanks and other vehicles slid off the icy roads and ripped out wires. Sending written messages from the front to the rear was often impossible because of intense cold which made writing difficult. Pfc. Arthur Hall, company runner from Richmond, Va., reported many occasions where platoon leaders had to use the radio instead of written code messages because their fingers were too numb to use a slide.

The 83d medics were also hampered greatly by winter wartime conditions. Not only did snowdrifts make their litter-bearing jobs doubly difficult, but the severe cold caused their morphine syrettes and blood plasma to freeze. The medics remedied the first condition by keeping the syrettes under their armpits, thawing them out with body heat. When stoves were not available to melt the frozen plasma they stuck it under the hood of a jeep whose motor was running. Slippery roads and snow-drifted fields often stymied jeeps, half-tracks and tanks, which were pressed into service to haul supplies and evacuate the wounded. Some units improvised crude toboggans made of strips of tin taken from shell-shattered roofs with two-by-four planks as runners. However, according to one company commander, Capt. Marion B. Cooper of Hillsboro, Ind., the Army's M29 weasel or "Doodle Bug" is the most effective snow vehicle. "Every rifle company should have its own 'Doodle Bug,'" Capt. Cooper said. "They are the only vehicles we had that could buck these roads and snowdrifts without getting bogged down and causing loss of valuable time and, more important, lives of seriously wounded men."

Even mess sergeants had their troubles with winter warfare. Mess Sgt. Joseph L. Ornge of St. Louis, Mo., left his pancake batter sitting for an hour one morning while he went off to load a chow jeep headed for the front lines. When he came back, his batter was frozen stiff. He had to thaw it out with hot milk.

Sgt. Ornge used straw, shelter halves and blankets to wrap around marmite cans which carried hot food to the men up front. That was the only way to keep food and coffee warm during the drive up from the battalion mess hall.

The 83d men found only one compensating factor amid all the misery of the Ardennes. That was when they occasionally plodded across snow-covered German mine fields without accident because the mines failed to explode. Melted snow seeped down around the firing pins of some of the mines and then froze them up when the temperature fell at night, thus preventing them from detonating. Chemicals in other mines turned to mush and failed to go off.

That was the only good thing the 83d men could find about winter warfare.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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Infantrymen Discuss GI Equipment

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WESTERN FRONT—These opinions on GI equipment were picked up from some 20 men of an Infantry division here. I asked them how they liked what they had and if they could make any suggestions as to changes. I asked them if they had heard of anything the Army had that hadn't been issued to them but that they could use. Item by item, this is approximately what they said:

Arctics. The men like them all right, but there's some gripe about sizes. The men said they couldn't get them big enough. Some said the sole sizes were all right but the tops were so tight they couldn't get the overshoes on.

Combat Boots. Only 40 pairs have been available for issue in this entire Infantry company. The men much prefer them to leggings, which snag in fences and so on. There's much talk and laughter about "Blue Star Commandos" (SOS and rear-area troops) wearing all the combat and paratrooper boots and combat jackets.

Combat Jackets. None have been issued to this outfit. The men understand these jackets are only for tankmen and the Air Force. There seems to be some resentment—from men who have been to Paris on pass—toward the beautiful equipment of the AAF in contrast to Infantry issue. The AAF has a fur-lined field jacket with hood that is the envy of the Army.

Sleeping Bag. Not worth a damn except for rear-area troops. This seems to be general opinion. The men are opposed to the sleeping bag because they say they can't get out of it fast enough. Others say that, if you squirm in sleep, the zipper works around into your back. Would rather have blankets.

Jungle Pack. Too big and bulky. Too many straps. The thing rides your can. Some men prefer the musette bag to carry personal items in, with a horseshoe roll. Others say the old haversack rides easiest of all on their backs.

Gloves. What about mittens with a trigger finger? The men say that present gloves (wool with leather palms) are not warm enough.

Socks. The British socks are no good. These are gray issue socks obtained from UK, and they are very rough-ribbed. Rough ribs are hard on Infantry feet.

Field Jacket. As stated, men have never been issued combat jackets, and only a few of them have the new field jacket with the draw string. They prefer this to the old field jacket but say it should have a heavier lining. Even so, it is much warmer than the old and has more pocket space. "For grenades and such," one man said.

A-6 LMG. This is a lighter version of the old light machine gun. The gunners like it and liked it particularly in the hedgerow country because they could fire it from the hip by means of a strap slung across their shoulders. It has a bipod instead of a tripod. The men have heard of a lighter mortar and a lighter BAR, and are very much in favor of these if their firing efficiency hasn't been hurt by the lessening in weight. Naturally the Infantry wants everything as light as it can be.

M2 Ammo Carrier for Mortar. The men don't like it. It has been replaced to a certain extent, however, by a better model. At this point I would like to voice the bitch of an Infantry supply sergeant about the GI way of expending equipment. In the case of the old field jacket, as in the case of these carriers, improvements that have been issued for a long time don't get to this Infantry outfit until their old stuff has completely worn out. So the men go on freezing in their old field jackets and getting sway-backed with ammo carriers simply because the damn things haven't worn out. Also, this supply sergeant said that what replacements they were getting for tires for their jeeps were worn and cut. But he was philosophical about this. "They figure we'll take 'em up and get 'em shot off anyway," he said. Which may be right.

Weasels. For a while the jeeps in this outfit were taken away and replaced with weasels. This was back in the hedgerow country on hard-surfaced roads. A Company's weasel lasted exactly 982 miles and then the tracks fell off, worn out. But, the men say, the weasels would be ideal for operating in the snow they have now. Only they have their jeeps back now. They say you might get 3,000 or 4,000 miles out of a weasel in snow and mud, but it just won't hold up on hard surfaces.

AFTER talking to the EM, I hooked the CO, who has been company commander since August, and asked him if he had any ideas.

He said that when a man's feet got cold in his arctics it was almost impossible for him to get them warm, so sometimes the men on guard and whatnot would take off their shoes and wrap their feet in blankets. I lifted an eyebrow at this, but he said they did it, though only in a static situation when neither side was doing much and men were on security outpost and such.

He also said that, although A Company has never been issued one, the loader for the M3 machine pistol and for the tommy gun is inferior to the German loader, which we can't use because of a slight difference in the size of the cartridge. He said that men who do have the U. S. loader say they would just as soon load by hand. The importance of a good loader for long magazines is great, especially during street fighting when fire power is needed in a hurry and an empty magazine is a desperate thing.

He said too, that the men have found the magazine release for the "grease gun" (M3) is too loose and that when slight pressure is exerted on it as the gun is carried slung on the shoulder, the magazine will fall out. Consequently the men take a ball hammer and bend the release slightly so as to make it more secure.

He certainly enlightened me on one thing. He said that there were times, in house-to-house fighting particularly, when we needed a weapon somewhere between the hand grenade and the bazooka. He said the bazooka projectile would sometimes fail to explode if it hit too light an object or if it didn't hit solidly and scooted along the ground. We needed a weapon to blow out doors and to shoot through windows, spraying a room with shrapnel.

Now, the men of A Company do not claim credit for originating this idea, but they have put it into practice and say it works like a charm. They take a 60-mm mortar shell and remove the increments. Then they take a hand-grenade adaptation and fit the fins of the mortar shell into the prongs on the adaptation and wire them securely together. Fired as a regular hand grenade from a rifle, this gives a flat trajectory range of approximately 135 yards and an arch range of 300 to 400 yards. The range is increased by elevating the rifle; it is also increased by putting the butt of the rifle against the floor, thereby lessening the kick. With this arrangement, every rifleman is a potential mortarman and A Company goes into action with three mortar shells to each squad, bringing the mortar to the very front line. When the Infantry runs out of mortar shells, they borrow from the mortar squad. This saves bazooka projectiles.

They started using the new gadget at Mariadorf around Nov. 22, and it did a lot of work at Stavelot. "The Germans didn't know what the hell they were getting there for a while," the CO said. "I assume they do now."

Cpl. Roy Jordan digs in for the night in frozen ground of the Ardennes Forest.

T-5 Nicholas Esposito and T-4 Charles Lynch tear some frozen bedrolls loose.

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Yanks at Home Abroad

Slang Marches On

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOVIET UNION — American slang goes over big with Russian GIs here. They even keep special notebooks to take down expressions that particularly appeal to them. The most popular expression among the Russian girl KPs, according to Mess Sgt. Dee Raxter of Olive, N. C., is "Oh, my aching back."

There has been a little trouble, however, about the word "pickled." Lt. Sobolev, one of the Red Army interpreters, was told by GIs just what that word signified in relation to hard liquor. A day or so later the lieutenant received a Quartermaster request for 50 barrels of pickles.

There was a lot of telephoning before it was understood that the QM was not asking for 50 barrels of drunks.

—Sgt. SAMUEL CHAVKIN
YANK Field Correspondent

Pre-Pearl Harbor Veteran

AN ADVANCED NEW GUINEA BASE—Practically anybody can wear ribbons these days, according to Pfc. Roy Templeton of Rogersville, Tenn.

"The other day we came upon the body of a Jap officer, one of 275 enemy troops killed here. This officer had a whole shirtful of medals and decorations, and right in the center of them all was the American Defense Ribbon."

—YANK Field Correspondent

BACKSTAGE IN CHINA. Air Force GIs visit Chinese boy actors making up for a show. L. to r.: T/Sgt. E. Mager, Pvt. G. Gerndt and Sgt. J. Browning.

Sacktime

U.S. ARMY AIR BASE, FORT NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA—Five days after the pilot of a single-engine training plane, flying from here to Fairbanks, Alaska, radioed that a storm was forcing him to try an emergency landing on a frozen lake, the ship's wreckage was spotted by an ATC flyer on the Canol run.

Notice that the missing ship lay 120 miles north of Fort Nelson reached here late in the day, but the Alaskan Division's Search and Rescue Squadron immediately dispatched a C-47 outfitted with medical supplies, food and emergency arctic gear. It was dark when the rescue plane circled over the wreckage, but there was a possibility that the pilot might still be alive. Capt. William R. Jacobs of Lewiston, Idaho, slipped his chute on and prepared to jump. Capt. Jacobs, Search and Rescue flight surgeon, has bailed out more times than any medical man in the Alaskan Division.

He jumped at 1,000 feet, hoping to hit the edge of the lake, but the wind carried him to one side, and his canopy caught in the top of a 40-foot poplar. The temperature was below zero and as the captain swung below the branches of the tree, he could look down and see deep snow on the ground.

"After I stopped swinging," Capt. Jacobs said, "I unclasped the buckles and dropped about 10 feet. The snow was about two feet deep. It broke the fall. Flares dropped by the C-47 guided me out of the timber to the lake. I yelled to find out if the pilot was able to answer. To my surprise, I heard a dog howling from the direction of the wrecked plane."

At the ship, the captain forced open the front cockpit. The pilot, Capt. George C. Dorris, was dead. Capt. Jacobs knew Capt. Dorris. Everybody along the Alaskan Division route knew him and his big Eskimo husky dog, Sacktime. It was Sacktime that was howling. The dog was trapped in the overturned plane in such a way that his tail had frozen into the icy lake. Capt. Jacobs had to chop the dog free.

"The poor beast was nearly starved after 5½ days," said Capt. Jacobs. "He could hardly stand up. I started a fire and put up a tent and gave him a loaf of bread from the supplies dropped out of the C-47. He devoured the bread almost without chewing."

With his walkie-talkie, Capt. Jacobs advised the hovering rescue plane that only the dog was alive and that the ice of the lake was strong enough to support a small plane on skis. The lake weathered in that night, however, and it was four days before Capt. Jacobs and Sacktime were back at Fort Nelson.

Sacktime's master had been a pilot with the Cold Weather Testing Detachment at Ladd Field, Alaska, but the dog was not sent north. He joined the K-9 detachment of sled dogs and parapups of the Search and Rescue Squadron.

Sacktime's military service was cut short, however: In Roundup, Mont., Capt. Dorris' parents learned of their son's death and wrote to Capt. Jacobs, asking about Sacktime. The Eskimo husky is now the Dorris household pet in Roundup.

—Sgt. HERMAN SILVERMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

Don't Fence Me Out

ATTU—No one welcomed the shipment of 17 spindly pines to this treeless island more than the camp dogs. Up to then everyone, including the camouflage engineers who constructed it, had been proud of "the only tree on Attu"—strictly an ersatz job for gag photos. But the dogs knew better.

The pups' pleasure at the arrival of real saplings, however, was short-lived. GIs built a picket fence around the grove, and now the dogs stand wistfully with their noses between the slats. It's pathetic but necessary, the soldiers learned, for the protection of the forest.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Special Delivery

IRAN—GI railroaders here have delivered everything from biscuits to bullets to the Soviet Union, but for the first time recently a soldier-conductor on the Military Railway System delivered a Russian citizen—in the form of an 8½-pound girl.

The midwife was T-4 Albert Bosch of Westbury, L. I., former conductor on the Long Island Railroad. Assisting him was an anonymous English Sister. The mother was the wife of a Red Army man stationed in Teheran.

Bosch performed his little feat with the aid of a pair of scissors taken from an old GI sewing kit, hot water from the locomotive's boiler to sterilize the scissors and his undershirt to use as swaddling clothes.

Mother and daughter are doing well. The daughter's name is Alberta, after her proud deliverer. It sounds a little strange with a Russian accent, but Bosch doesn't mind.

—Pvt. RALPH VIGGERS
YANK Field Correspondent

Another Bushemi

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—There's another Bushemi in the Pacific with a camera, this time as a Marine combat photographer.

He's Marine Pfc. Sam. J. Bushemi of Gary, Ind., brother of the late S/Sgt. John A. Bushemi, YANK photographer fatally wounded while covering the battle for Eniwetok.

Sam became interested in photography by watching John back in civilian life. One of his ambitions was to work with his brother on a campaign. He's making up for that now.

Pfc. Sam Bushemi, Marine combat photographer.

—Sgt. A. D. HAWKINS
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent

King-Size Cats

INDIA—All you have to do to ruffle the hair of any GI in this Tenth Air Force 2d Troop Carrier Squadron is to walk softly up to his tent, scratch on the side and say "Meow!"

The instant reaction you will get, plus a little hot lead, results from the current "Ledo Road Cat Scare." The squadron area has apparently been placed on limits to all tigers, and the big cats have been roaming the place at will.

One tore through an officer's tent the other night and parted the gentleman's hair neatly in the middle. Another badly mauled a GI, who was cooking pork and beans in his tent.

The situation is now so bad that the bulletin board carries this order: "Severe disciplinary action will be dealt anyone imitating the sound of a tiger when there is no tiger in the area."

—YANK Field Correspondent

Pint-Size Prexy

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—GIs in an ATC base in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan are learning their Arabic from 4-foot-2-inch Bakiker Eltahir Moahmed, otherwise known as Billy.

Billy has to use a chair to get to the blackboard, but he cracks a mean whip over his pupils. Besides English and Arabic, he speaks Italian, German, French and Hindustani. He also arranges Sudanese programs for the base.

His main ambition, though, is to go to the U. S. after the war, so he can see snow and throw snowballs. That's an ambition the rotation-sweating GIs here can well understand.

—Cpl. BILL HOLMES
YANK Field Correspondent

This Week's Cover

AN infantryman comes off the line after 10 days of fighting in the snows and icy winds of the Western Front. He is S/Sgt. Joseph Arnaldo of New Bedford, Mass., an Infantry squad leader. For a story on winter warfare in Europe and more pictures by YANK's Sgt. Reg Kenny see pages 2, 3, 4 & 5.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 6—Left, USMC; right, PRO, Fourteenth Air Force. 7—PA. 8—PRO, ASFTC, Camp Lee, Va. 9—Left, PRO, ASFTC, Camp Lee, Va.; right, Chicago Sun. 11—Acme. 12—Upper left, Pfc. Pat Coffey; upper right, U. S. Army; center right, Sgt. Lee Wilson; lower left & right, Signal Corps. Upper left, Coast Guard; upper right, T/Sgt. Harold A. Deber; center left, Pfc. Coffey; center right, Sgt. Dick Manley; lower left, Signal Corps; lower right, PA. 14—USSTAF. 18—Center right, Mitchel Field, N. Y.; lower left, Signal Corps, Camp Carson, Colo.; lower right, Lemoore AAF, Calif. 19—Upper Stark General Hospital, Charleston, S. C.; lower left, Camp Croft, S. C.; lower right, Lincoln AAF, Nebr. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—INP.

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GERMAN to AMERICAN

When Herman Bottcher decided to spend his time fighting fascism from Spain to Buna to Leyte, the Wehrmacht lost a great soldier.

By YANK Staff Correspondents

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—This is the story of Herman Bottcher, an American soldier and an antifascist from way back.

In December 1942, when the Stateside newspapers were hailing him as "our greatest hero of the New Guinea campaign," Bottcher, not a U. S. citizen then, said: "I have tried to live as a good American and I want to die as one."

Last New Year's Eve he got his wish in a burst of mortar fire while his company was holding off 300 Japs during the Ormoc campaign on Leyte Island. By that time, Congress had naturalized him by a special act so he could be commissioned. He already had the DSC with Oak Leaf cluster and the Purple Heart with two clusters. At the time of his death, recommendations were in for a promotion to major and for a Silver Star.

The *Wehrmacht* lost some good material when Bottcher left his native Germany in 1928 at the age of 19. He was a cabinetmaker with ambitions to become something more. After tarrying in Austria for a couple of years, he emigrated to the United States with citizenship in mind. He worked at many jobs and, during the depression, was more than once "on the bum." By 1936, when Franco launched his fascist revolt in Spain, Bottcher had knocked about enough to know which side he was on. He joined the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, recruited in America to help the Spanish people against German, Italian and Spanish fascists.

In Spain, Bottcher learned a lot about soldiering, participating in seven battles in 25 months. He was wounded twice and decorated three times, and he rose to be a major before the Loyalist Government was overwhelmed. Of that experience, Bottcher said later: "I've always hated dictators. That's why I joined the Spanish Loyalists. Gee, that was a tough war. Now we at least have bullets."

Meanwhile the American citizenship Bottcher had earned during his first years in the States was revoked because of his enlistment in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. He reapplied and started all over. Living with an aunt in California, he worked his way through San Francisco State College by washing dishes and such. Intending to become an architect, he lacked only six credits for a degree when the Japs struck Pearl Harbor.

One month later he had managed to convince the War Department of his loyalty, despite his German birth and accent, and began basic as a private in the Army. Assigned to the 32d Division, a former National Guard outfit, he became a staff sergeant in a year.

The first anniversary of Pearl Harbor found Bottcher fighting with his company in the Papuan campaign. He turned out to be a terrific jungle fighter. He knocked out enemy machine-gun nests single-handed, slaughtered Japs by the half-squad and rescued wounded comrades with utter disregard for his own safety. When all ranking officers were knocked out, Bottcher took command of his company and drove a wedge to the sea between two Jap groups at Buna Village and Buna Mission. He held this dangerous position for a week until the battle was won.

He was breveted a captain while machinery was set going to restore his citizenship so he could be permanently commissioned. He was not one of those GIs who scorn the responsibilities of command. "If they'd only commission me," he fretted, "I'd get something done."

But joining the brass did not separate Bottcher from his men. As Pvt. Tex Pitcox from Amarillo, Tex., put it, "there ain't a man in the outfit who wouldn't have followed him through hell carrying a bucket of ice water." When his outfit was being shipped and the men had to sleep on deck, Bottcher spurned his cabin to lie there with them. If the men had K rations, Bottcher, too, ate K rations, regardless of what his fellow officers thought of such conduct. What is more, after the Papuan campaign Bottcher probably could have gotten out of the Army because of his three wounds. His shooting hand was partly crippled.

But, after a rest in Australia, Bottcher was back with the 32d at Saidor and Aitape in New Guinea. While in Australia, incidentally, he thought so little of the DSC coming to him that he didn't show up for the ceremony of presentation. They found him later, working out with some enlisted men on a jungle-training course.

At Aitape, Bottcher led a recon troop behind Jap lines for 57 days, penetrating 36 miles into enemy territory. The men learned to trust blindly their tall, raw-boned captain with the thick German accent. On any patrol Bottcher himself was point man. The outfit boasted of their light losses.

One man said, "I never feel safer out in the jungle than when I'm with Capt. Bottcher." And Pvt. Harold Endres of Madison, Wis., declared, "If the Old Man wanted us to enter Manila Bay in a rubber boat, we would go and, furthermore, we'd bet nothing would happen."

In the Leyte campaign, Bottcher was up to his old tricks. For 48 days he led a recon troop, sometimes reinforced by Filipino guerrillas, behind Japanese lines. They destroyed many supply dumps. They ambushed Jap units and killed innumerable enemy soldiers. Their daily reports prepared the way for successful drives at Kanaga, Palompon and other places. And through it all, until the last terrible shellacking the troop suffered on Dec. 31, Bottcher's outfit suffered only four casualties—one man killed (in an accident) and three wounded.

Bottcher's outfit lived mostly off the land, killing game for meat and getting vegetables and *tuba* (fermented coconut milk) from the natives. Sometimes the Filipinos' enthusiasm was embarrassing. When the Americans set an ambush for the Japs, the natives frequently gave the scheme away by crowding around to watch the Japs catch it.

Although Bottcher was ferocious in combat, he was no brute, as the 12 Japanese prisoners his unit took discovered to their surprise. One of them, a captain, later told intelligence officers questioning him behind the main American lines that Bottcher was a "fine gentleman." Another time a captured Jap private was so grateful for the excellent treatment he received that he voluntarily pedaled the unit's electric generator until exhausted. Once a GI found Bottcher observing a Japanese camp through field glasses. The GI saw a sad little Jap running back and forth between his *nipa* hut and his latrine trench. Bottcher sighed sympathetically and said: "Don't you know just how he feels?"

ON Dec. 30, Bottcher's unit was instructed by radio to return to division HQ, since the Leyte campaign was virtually concluded. No Japs had been seen for several days. At 0235 hours on Dec. 31, the 90 men of Bottcher's outfit were awakened by heavy fire from rifles, machine guns, knee mortars and 90-mm mortars. It was later learned that 300 Japs, trying to fight their way to the sea in the hope of being evacuated safely by boat from the island, had run across Bottcher and his men.

When Bottcher got it, he was about four feet from T-5 Edwin Essman of Portsmouth, Ohio, who was setting up his radio to advise headquarters. There was an explosion and Bottcher called out, "They blew my leg off!"

Lt. Royal Steele of New York twisted a tourniquet on the captain's thigh. Sgt. Tony Gaidosik of Milwaukee, Wis., a medic, gave the CO a shot of morphine. Another medic raced for blood plasma stored in a shack but found the shack and the medical supplies destroyed by gunfire.

Bottcher stopped S/Sgt. Jim Cable of Chattanooga, Tenn., and ordered the troop to leave him and withdraw. They withdrew but, of course, they carried the captain with them. They made it to their main infantry lines just before dawn. A radio call had been sent for plasma but, by the time it arrived by Cub, Bottcher was unconscious. The medics kept up a frantic radio conversation with the station hospital, describing Bottcher's condition and receiving doctors' directions for treatment. But Bottcher's pulse weakened. About 0600 hours no sign of life could be detected.

His men said later they couldn't believe their captain could be killed by the Japs. They didn't talk much about it. They just sat around and stared wearily at the constant drizzle of Leyte.

Bottcher had no wife or parents. All he had was the aunt in San Francisco and a hell of a lot of friends in the Army.

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There's more in these trim teen-agers than an ambition toward jive. After the cokes they'll go stepping back to class at John Marshall High, Richmond, Va.

The Teen-agers

The headline-making antics of the current younger generation are as truly typical of them as goldfish swallowing was of us.

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

CHICAGO—A rumor has gained substance of late that this generation of teen-age Americans is jitter-bugging off to a spiritual pratt fall. Headlines have told of kids who wriggle rapturously to the siren trumpets of jive-jittery Pied Pipers; of squealing bobby-soxers who swoon smack dab on their kissers while listening to crooners; of high-school boys who peek in neighbor girls' windows.

It makes rousing reading, but the story seems to be somewhat exaggerated—on the order of that item you may remember in the *First Reader* about the fool chicken named Henny-Penny who felt a pea fall on her feathers and thought the sky was falling.

To a beat-up old geezer who remembers drooling at Colleen Moore in a movie called "Flaming Youth," to a guy who once was a promising Peeping Tom himself, these teen-agers fail grievously to live up to their press notices. Doggoned if most of them don't act like normal human beings. At times, they are twitter-pated, but these are twitter-pated times.

Teen-agers are surprisingly like other people. Some of them are all right and some of them are jerks. The good ones will grow up to be a little less silly than they are now, and the jerks will possibly become foremen and first sergeants, and prosper in their own poisonous way.

Teen-agers, as the term is popularly used, appear to be boys and girls from 14 to 17 who do the things that seem like a good idea at that age. The girls among the teen-agers are called bobby-soxers. This is because they wear bobby sox.

Bobby sox are short socks. The hosiery mills in the States indignantly deny they have manufactured one pair of bobby sox; they emphasize that last year they produced 298,614,200 pairs of anklets. The manufacturers stress that they would be called anklets if your grandma wore them, and conceivably she might wear them if she's a sporty old grandma with Grable gams. Anklets, it seems, become bobby sox and a psychological problem only when a teen-age girl crams her feet into them.

The boys are called simply boys, or maybe young idiots if their pa happens to be put out with them. One of them will probably grow up to be President provided some smarty pants of a girl doesn't beat him out of the job.

THESE jive kids of the early and middle 40s are the successors to the gaudy sophisticates of some years back who whooped it up in rumble seats, danced the Black Bottom, screamed "It's the cat's pajamas," jangled banjoes, jangled slave bracelets, jangled everybody's nerves.

Some of today's teen-agers — pleasantly not many—talk the strange new language of "sling swing." In this bright lexicon of the good citizens of tomorrow, a girl with sex appeal is an "able Grable" or a "ready Hedy." A pretty girl is "whistle bait." A boy whose mug and muscles appeal to the girls is a "mellow man," a "hunk of heartbreak" or a "glad lad." A prude is a "hair shirt." A grind is a "book beater." A teacher's pet is a "gone Quisling." A fancy dancer is a "jive bomber" or a "cloud walker." A boy given to hugging the girls—sentimental little rascals, some of these lads—is a "wolf on a scooter" or an "educated fox." A boy who is girl crazy is "dame-dazed." A girl who is boy crazy is "slack-happy" and "khaki-wacky." To be jilted is to be "shot down in flames."

Despite this devotion to ritualistic incoherency, most of the teen-agers get good grades in English, which they read and sometimes speak. They want to know whose business it is if they prefer broken English.

No. 1 controversy among the teen-agers is over the respective talents of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. Which is the better crooner? To those engaged in the grimmer aspects of war, such as trying to keep from being killed, this may seem a trivial matter. But who had ever thought anybody could get excited over so tepid a topic as tea until a bunch of guys in Boston a century and a half ago poured some into the water, without sugar or ice. If you recall, this incident led to much bandying of harsh words and banging of muskets.

The feud between the Crosby and Sinatra clans is a deadly thing that probably will grow in bitterness. Happily, if it flares into open warfare, it will be fought entirely among bobby-soxers. The boys just don't give a tinker's dern. They'll go for a thrush like Frances Langford or Betty Hutton. Smart kids.

Another point that should be made clear about this controversy is that the more violent Crosby-Sinatra addicts—the ones who scream and faint and act like heifers with burrs under their tails—represent a very small portion of the country's female teen-agers. Most of the kids of both sexes think all this is as silly as you do, and if you don't, keep right on bucking for that Section 8, pal, because you got a leg up on it.

The girls who yell at the crooners, "Here I am,

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look at me," and then dive daintily nose down into the carpet, knocked C-ration cold by a dulcet note, are the 1945 version of the gals who once mobbed singer Rudy Vallee and whinnied ecstatically at the stage door when out walked Francis X. Bushman, a now-superannuated hunk of heartbreak who some years back sported an appalling array of white teeth, conceivably his own, and a leopard-skin G-string.

A baby-faced actor named Van Johnson is the new No. 1 nonsinging star of the bobby-sox film-goers. "When I see him," sighed a 16-year-old of Richmond, Va., "the earth not only moves, it goes hippety-hop."

Harry James and Tommy Dorsey are said to be the teen-agers' favorite band leaders, Bob Hope and Fred Allen their favorite comedians. "Terry and the Pirates" is reputed to be their best-liked comic strip.

These youngsters of today grant that their antics are, by fuddy-duddy standards, often a little zany, but they want it on the record that teen-agers of other generations have been silly, too. For instance, the kids of today are understandably a little revolted when they are told about the wave of live-goldfish swallowing that went on among young folks a few years back. Cynically, these modern youngsters say they wouldn't even eat a cooked goldfish.

THE war is close to them. Most of them have brothers, and many of them fathers, in service. The older boys expect to be in the war soon. All the boys expect to participate in some type of military training.

Most of the teen-agers work at odd jobs after school hours, in war factories, department stores, soda fountains. They wrap Red Cross bandages, sell War Bonds and Stamps, act as volunteer guides and clerks in rationing offices. An average of 600,000 tons of paper, 17,000 tons of tin and 46,000 tons of rags are collected in the States each month, and school-age youngsters are credited with collecting most of it.

They have built 60,000 model airplanes, which are used in Army and Navy training. Last year they collected enough milkweed pods to furnish the floss for the manufacture of more than a million life jackets.

In Gary, Ind., a 14-year-old girl built up so thriving a business taking care of neighbors' children for 25 cents an hour that she established an agency and put her classmates to work.

In Chicago, a 17-year-old made $19 a week working part time in a factory manufacturing helmet liners. In a period of 70 weeks, he turned 80 percent of his pay into War Bonds.

Teen-age boys in Clinton, N. Y., started an odd-jobs agency, washing windows, cleaning attics, painting fences and dumping ashes. They accepted only War Stamps in payment for their work.

High schools in Denver have held assemblies to discuss the black-market problem. Their students signed a pledge to report any use of counterfeit rationing coupons, and the girls agreed to boycott boys operating cars on black-market gas.

None of these things is particularly impressive in itself, but together they help refute the view that teen-ager is another term for problem child.

Naturally, with nearly every type of business needing more hired help, many of the teen-agers quit school and went to work full time as the war got more fully under way. Last year the trend away from school reached proportions alarming to educators.

In April 1940, the decennial census listed 872,314 workers, aged 14 to 17, in the States, of which 209,347 were in the 14-15 age group. By April 1944, the census people figured that the number of workers under 18 exceeded 2,900,000, and of these, 2,050,000 were 16 and 17 years old. It was estimated that about half of the 2,900,000 youngsters were full-time workers. The total has run even higher in the summer when farm work is at its peak. In July of 1943 and 1944 the estimate of workers aged 14 to 17 was close to 5,000,000.

During 1944, nation-wide campaigns were started to persuade students to remain in school. In some areas teachers, students and factories worked out part-time work-study programs. Under this procedure, teachers and employers arranged it so that youngsters could work on the morning shift and attend classes in the afternoon or go to school mornings and work afternoons.

With pamphlets and speeches, educators hammered at the theme that the teen-agers were jeopardizing their earning capacities in the peacetime future by leaving school to make easy money in the wartime present. The Government made it clear that it strongly believed these youngsters should stay for the time being, at least, at their books and laboratories. As a result, the downward trend in enrollment is being checked. Last year several cities reported their first increase in school attendance since 1941.

ALL the talk about teen-agers has been accompanied by a justifiable furor over juvenile delinquency. During the past several years thousands of youngsters—more than ever before—got into trouble with the law. There are figures to prove it.

There are plenty of reasons why juvenile delinquency has increased. Kids have had more money than they were used to; parents have been working long hours, often on night shifts, and haven't been able to exercise the usual parental watchfulness. There isn't any doubt, either, that war does things to human beings, even on the home front. For one thing, it leads some people, particularly kids, to think maybe they'd better make hey-nonny-nonny while the sun shines.

Some bobby-soxers have gone ga-ga over servicemen, feeling that it is patriotic to be "Victory Girls." Now and then they display enthusiastic amiability when a guy makes with a proposition. This sort of thing has happened in times past, of course, but now there is more of it, with the result that people back home are concerned and beginning to take steps. Remember, though, that the "Victory Girls" are a minute part of the teen-age population.

AN expert on what teen-agers think and do is F. W. Crawford, for 20 years superintendent of schools at Niles, Mich. Niles is a city of about 13,000 in the middle of prosperous farm country. It's as American as pancakes and sorghum, and its the home town of the late Ring Lardner, who is still addressed in care of the city's newspaper, the Niles *Star*, by letter writers wanting Lardner advice on matters ranging from domestic problems to where a left-handed farm boy has a chance to become a big league catcher. When Supt. Crawford says something about kids, folks in the prairie country stop to listen. He isn't a smoothie. He doesn't think much of long words that ordinary people don't understand. About teen-agers he says:

"Sure there are problem children. Always have been. Some of them never grow out of it. Youngsters do silly things and have silly fads. And I've seen grown-ups cut capers that even the high-school kids might shy from.

"I'm convinced that boys and girls are pretty much the same the country over, and that they're pretty much now like they always have been.

"There is no doubt that the war has made some of the youngsters, particularly the boys, wonder what's the use of studying too hard because who knows what's ahead. Despite this, the great bulk of the students keep up in their studies. For one thing, boys and girls of today are becoming more self-reliant. They believe in themselves.

"Watch these kids 25 years from now. They'll be doing a good job—better maybe than some folks are doing now. These youngsters are convinced that the world is too good a place to be messed up with such calamities as war, and they want to do something about it. They don't know the answers, but, believe me, they are looking for the answers."

The teen-agers have learned the hard way that the world isn't all peaches and petunias. But—maybe because they still don't know any better—they aren't afraid of the future. Lots of them seem to think they have the world by the tail on a downhill pull. Most of them seem pretty sure they know what the score is, down to the last boogie beat.

Dot Patterson of Richmond, Va., a student at John Marshall High School. Frank Abruscato and Geraldine Ryan turned themselves inside out to help c

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3 Years on Luzon

Men who fought at Bataan and Corregidor tell how life was behind the barbed wire of a Japanese POW camp.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—Men here know well what the phrase "prisoners of war" means. They have seen Americans — survivors of Bataan, Corregidor and the Death March — freed after 34 months' imprisonment. It is not a sight many of us will forget.

"The worst part, I think," said Cpl. Albert L. Parker of Phoenix, Ariz., a newly freed POW, "was knowing that the Japs could do anything to us—anything they wanted to." Cpl. Parker's knees sagged. He sat down suddenly and bowed his head over his arms.

We were in a farmyard near a dirt road 10 miles north of Cabanatuan in the central Lingayen plains. Parker, Pvt. Joseph R. Stanford of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Pfc. Lloyd E. (Swede) Anderson of Everett, Wash., were three of the 510 POWs in Cabanatuan No. 1, rescued the evening before in a small run-and-grab raid by a reinforced company of the 6th Ranger Battalion.

Anderson sniffed a Chesterfield. "Yesterday," he said, "I could have gotten anything—anything in our camp—for a cigarette."

Stanford fumbled with a match. "We can't strike matches yet," he explained. "We haven't had any since we were captured." He lit a cigarette. "I am going to smoke myself sick today," he said.

Somebody asked, "How was it?" Anderson drew slowly on his cigarette. "Rough," he said seriously.

Stanford said, "Rough—that's all. We would never be captured again."

Stanford fought through the first month of Bataan and was transferred to Mindanao, captured there on May 10, 1942, held in the Davao Penal Colony until June 1943, then sent north to Cabanatuan No. 1. He wore faded blue denim shorts and jacket and Jap socks. Anderson and Parker were similarly clad.

Anderson, a 60th Coast Artillery antiaircraft gunner, fought through Bataan, escaped to Corregidor by small boat when the peninsula fell and was captured there on May 6, 1942, and sent to Cabanatuan No. 1.

Parker fought through Bataan and was captured at its fall on Apr. 9, 1942.

"You were on the Death March?" somebody asked him.

"Is that what they call it?" he said. "Yes, we walked to Capas, about 65 miles. Three days and three nights without food. Only such water as we could sneak out of the ditches. We were loaded into steel boxcars at Capas—100 men to a car. They jammed us in with rifle butts and took us to Fort O'Donnell. I gave out at Capas and was paralyzed from the waist down. The Japs were killing stragglers but some fellows helped me into a car."

A few feet away from where we talked, half a dozen ex-prisoners, clad only in thin long-handled cotton underwear, lay stretched on the grass. They were deathly pale. Their hipbones showed sharply. Their feet and ankles were bruised purple.

Stanford looked at them. "We are the best-looking prisoners you will ever see," he said. "Our regular guards pulled out in a hurry on Jan. 7, three weeks ago. We have been stuffing ourselves on their food ever since. We had coffee even."

Maj. Ralph W. Hubbard, MC, of Oklahoma City, Okla., on Bataan with No. 2 Hospital, confirmed Stanford's remark. The 500-odd men in Cabanatuan had gained an average of 15 pounds apiece during those three weeks. Anderson gained 38 pounds and weighed 154 when rescued. He had weighed 200 on Dec. 8, 1941, 170 when captured and 116 on Jan. 7, 1945.

CABANATUAN, 60 miles due north of Manila, was once a Filipino Army barracks. The Japs had simply added three 18-strand barbed-wire fences and guard towers mounting machine guns, and called it a POW camp. At one time 8,500 prisoners had been confined there, most of them Americans—from the Army, Navy, Army Transport Service and Marines—plus a smattering of British and Dutch military personnel and civilians. In early 1944 the Japs began to move them out, presumably to Formosa or the Empire proper. Hundreds are buried there.

"They are buried," Stanford told us, "in a space smaller than a city block. The summer of 1942 was the worst—they were dying at the rate of 20 or 30 a day. One day 65 died. The Japs made us bury them—dig holes and then throw 40 or 50 bodies in one hole. When the hole was full we covered it up. The smell made most of us sick."

Maj. Hubbard told of the same thing. Men died so fast it was impossible to identify their bodies. "The Japs," the major told us, "had stripped the prisoners of almost everything by the time they reached O'Donnell—dog tags, wallets, papers, rings, watches, letters, everything. Many were stark naked. We kept what records we could on toilet paper, the labels off cans, any kind of wrapper. Often there were only surnames. We turned these over to the Japanese. But I don't think they forwarded them until late 1942."

"They did not classify us as POWs," Anderson added, "until August of 1942."

Somebody asked about the food. Anderson hesitated a moment. "Poor," he said.

Cabanatuan No. 1 had a farm a few kilometers from the enclosure. The prisoners worked on it from 0700 until 1100 and from 1200 until dark, six days a week. "Sometimes," Anderson added, "we worked every day. We never knew."

They broke the ground for that farm with hoes and worked it with hoes and their hands. "And vitamin sticks," said Stanford. "That is what we call the stuff the guards beat us with—rifle butts, hoe handles, ax handles, anything they could lay their hands on. It was 'keep your head down and your backside up.' If we straightened up to stretch, they let us have it. Our guards at Cabanatuan were Taiwans [Formosans]. They were bastards."

The farm grew camotes, casaba, okra, native spinach, egg plant, onions, radishes, peppers and cucumbers. The camotes and casaba, and sometimes the okra, were for the prisoners; the Japs took everything else.

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"They took all the food," Anderson explained, "then issued it to us, but they kept it until it was hard or spoiled. We did our own cooking, over open fires at first. Later we made stoves and ovens of clay and scrap tin."

"We had only one kind of vegetable at a time, plus rice," Stanford said. "Or sometimes only rice. Breakfast was *lugao*—strained rice and water, mostly water. We got 250 grams of rice per man per day, about eight ounces or two double handfuls. We got 160 kilos (about 350 pounds) of meat per week for 2,000 men. It figured out to a little under three ounces per man. We got the left-overs —the heads, guts and so on. Generally it was carabao meat. But there would be weeks at a time when we did not get any meat at all. Instead, sometimes, we got fish powder. We never knew."

Everett Dillard CTM of Cooper Hill, Tenn., who was captured on Corregidor, told of men eating cats, dogs, rats and lizards. "I didn't," he said, "but I went down to 85 pounds. My hipbones broke through the skin. I did eat and can eat any piece of cornstalk straight out of the ground with as much relish as I once ate beefsteak. I lived, I guess, because I wanted to. We all did, all of us that are still alive. The will to live was all that kept us going. Now I'd like to get even. I've had 22 years' service and I can still do some good on a can."

Stanford agreed with Dillard. "We are alive," he said, "because we wanted to live, and because we learned to steal. We had to. If we were caught they made us stand in the sun for three or four hours with our arms stretched level with our shoulders. If our arms dropped we got a beating. Or sometimes, particularly with potatoes, they made us eat what we were stealing, dirt and all. The Taiwans tried to make one man eat half a bushel of potatoes. They forced them down his throat until he vomited."

"We had strafing sacks," Anderson explained. "That's concentration-camp talk for pockets sewn inside our jackets or pants legs that we could hide things in—a radish, a pepper, anything to eat. Strafing means stealing of any kind, and it means a beating too. We have a language all our own—half Jap, half Pino [Filipino], half everything."

"We figured out," Stanford continued, "that it cost the Japs between three and four cents a day to feed us. I don't think we could have lived without the Filipinos. You can say they were really in there pitching. They really stuck their necks out to slip us food, cigarettes, news, anything they had. They're all right."

During 1942 and 1943, details of 1,000 or 2,000 men worked on Cabanatuan's farm. "The Japs," Anderson told us, "think only in thousands —1,000 men for this, 1,000 men for that."

Other details were sent to cut wood or to other parts of Luzon to work on roads and airstrips. While on details the prisoners went barefoot. The Japs kept their shoes to discourage escapes. These details were literally worked to the death.

"The Taiwans guarding these details," Stanford told us, "always gave orders in Japanese. When we did not understand they beat us up."

"Those Taiwans," Anderson said, "were just plain mean. They made us *tinko*—that is, count off—in Japanese. They would leave us standing in formation in the rain—a lot of tricks like that. There were a lot of rules and regulations—GI crap, shake-down inspections, all that stuff. A shakedown meant the guards came through and took anything they wanted. We kept our stuff buried most of the time."

Prisoners who broke the rules—or were accused of breaking the rules—were beaten, put on short rations and deprived of water.

"We had nicknames for the worst guards," Anderson said. "White Angel, Clark Gable, Donald Duck, Big Speedo. White Angel was a son of a bitch."

Once classified as POWs the men were paid while on details. NCOs got 25 centavos (12½ cents) per day, privates and pfcs 15 centavos. Officers were paid 10 pesos per month, later raised to 30. All payments were in Jap currency.

"There were other details," Stanford added. "In Davao we built rice-paddy dikes of carabao dung with our hands. In Cabanatuan we fertilized the farm with our hands, with human dung. The Japs took pictures of that and showed them to the Filipinos. There were other indignities—all kinds. They were worse than beatings. We had to salute all guards, or if we did not have a hat, we had to bow to them. That was the worst of all."

Cabanatuan's barracks were of nipa, approximately 50x18 feet. They had a doorway at each end, six small windows covered with bamboo shutters and dirt floors with a narrow board catwalk down the middle. On either side of the catwalk were double tiers of 6x10-foot bamboo bays. Up to 125 men were quartered in each barracks, sleeping five or six to a bay. During the typhoon season the barracks were invariably wet.

Tobacco in Cabanatuan was literally worth its weight in gold. On a very few occasions the Japs sold it through their commissary at prices too high for the prisoners. Now and then they issued some. The last issue was in August 1944—three bags of moldly weeds the Nips had used in making a nicotine solution for insect repellant. Filipinos slipped tobacco to the prisoners or gave it to details working outside of camp. Maj. Hubbard showed us his home-made cigarette holder — a 2-inch-long ebony cylinder with a hole the size of a match stick in the end.

"That fit our cigarettes," Stanford said, and he dug one an inch long out of his pocket. "Uncured Filipino tobacco and newsprint, as big around as a match. May we never see another."

There were cigarettes—American cigarettes—in the Red Cross POW packages, but those packages almost invariably were rifled before the prisoners saw them—the cigarettes and any sweets removed. While they lasted, the men traded wristwatches, rings and so on to the Japs for those cigarettes. "Changee, changee," the Japs called it.

"Our personal packages were often rifled too—if we got them at all," Anderson told us. "We got our first ones in late 1943. The Japs had let us write a card in March of 1943, almost a year after we were captured. They told us then that we could write one every month, but that promise did not work out, either. Sometimes months would go by, and they would tell us there were no cards."

There were several chaplains in Cabanatuan and a few missionaries, but religious services were subject to approval by the Japs. "They'd tell us we could have mass," Anderson said, "then send everybody out on detail."

The prisoners had their own hospital—a barracks like the rest—and their own doctors and dentists. They had no medicine at first, except now and then some Jap-issued quinine. Later they were well supplied through Red Cross packages. "In fact," Stanford told us, "we had more medicine than the Japs did. We used to trade them sulfa for tobacco. We even made some sulfa ourselves and in Davao some Novacaine. I think they used fire-extinguisher fluid as a part of the Novocaine. The Japs, by the way, tried and tried to analyze our sulfa drugs but never made the grade."

In the prison hospital the commonest ailments were malaria, dysentery, broken ribs, miscellaneous bruises and above all, malnutrition. Two operations that resulted in what the POWs called "vest-pocket bungholes" were performed following prolonged dysentery.

Cabanatuan's contact with the outside world was nonexistent at first and sketchy but surprisingly accurate during the last year. Filipinos for a long time supplied most of it by word of mouth. The prisoners learned of the Normandy landing late in June.

"Our news was scuttlebutt," Stanford said, "except the time the Japs let three *Reader's Digests* slip through in a personal package. That was in March 1943. We had those magazines until they fell apart. Most of the time our news was just scuttlebutt, but it was usually right. We heard about the Leyte landings almost immediately.

"Incidentally, when we heard that green-clad hordes of Americans swarmed ashore, we didn't know what to make of it. Until today, when we saw your green uniforms."

The green uniforms were on 121 picked men of the 6th Ranger Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. Henry A. Mucci of Denver, Colo., former Honolulu provost marshal. The battalion was formed months ago in New Guinea at the suggestion of Lt. Gen. Walter Kreuger and trained for six months over the dusty hills of Port Moresby. Once in action, the Rangers grabbed outlying islands in Leyte Gulf on A-minus-3 of that landing and grabbed Santiago Island at the northwestern tip of Lingayen Gulf on this one. Neither show produced enough Jap opposition to suit them.

The Cabanatuan raid was down their alley. They were itching for it. Company C, reinforced by one platoon, got the job. Col. Mucci went along, "just for the ride." "You couldn't keep him home," the Rangers say.

Cabanatuan was 25 miles in advance of our front lines. The Rangers reached the vicinity of the camp, melted into the countryside and cased the joint. The rescue was originaly planned for the evening of Jan. 29. The Japs picked that evening to send a motor convoy through Cabanatuan. The Rangers lay low, sweated out the night and next day, and struck at dusk on the 30th.

"The Japs," Stanford told us, "never knew what hit them. About seven o'clock Pvt. George Barber [an English Tommy captured at Singapore, who jumped ship en route to Formosa and was recaptured in the PIs] took a sack of potatoes up to the guardhouse. About 15 Japs were sitting around. There were about 50 more in and around camp. At a quarter to 8 the shooting started."

The Rangers closed in from three sides. The raid went off like clockwork. They smashed the gates, streamed inside and annihilated the guard.

"Somebody stuck his head into our barracks," Anderson said, "and yelled, 'It's okay. We're Yanks. Get the hell out of here!' We didn't have to hear that twice."

Within 25 minutes the Rangers and prisoners were on the outside, headed home. The Japs counterattacked with tanks in support. The Rangers and a detachment of guerrillas, about 300 strong, fought them off and covered the march. An additional 523 Japs were killed. The Rangers lost one killed and one wounded, the guerrillas 26 and two.

The entire POW party was convoyed from the point of entering our lines to an evac hospital, in jeeps, ambulances, two-and-a-halfs and weapons carriers. It was their first ride in 31 months. I went along.

A great share of the road was lined with waving, cheering GIs and Filipinos. The GIs threw cigarettes and gum, and yelled: "Welcome back!" and "How's it going?" The freed men yelled back: "Glad to be back" and "Good!" To them, at that moment, everything was good. They chain smoked, used matches profusely for the sheer joy of it, threw long butts away with an effort. They threw cigarettes to the Filipinos. They chewed gum. Anderson yelled at a truck full of 1st Cavalrymen, "Boys, you sure look good!"

From time to time they stood up. "We've got no meat left to sit on," they explained.

The heavy-wheeled weapons carriers, a park of carry-alls, a soldier with a bazooka, the spotter Cubs dipping low over our convoy, a bulldozer—all were new to these men, a source of wonder and amazement.

Stanford said, "Look at their helmets!"

Anderson said, "Every guy's got a different kind of gun!"

They gaped about, unbelieving, while I tried to describe an LST.

"We're Rip van Winkles," Maj. Hubbard said. "Everything is new."

I felt oddly like a proud father.

Lt. Col. Henry A. Mucci who led the rescue raid

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Pvt. Bill Weaver and T-5 Walter Komenick didn't have to nod over a pole to get this mess of fish. They just chucked a grenade into a mountain stream in Luxembourg and swept them in.

These GIs and officers are taking advantage of a special program of education at the University of Dijon, learning how to get their bearings in the French language. Courses in French culture are also offered to U. S. soldiers.

S/Sgt. J. O. Clayton (right), in Noumea, New Caledonia, woke up two Medic captains, R. O. Moore and H. R. Willard, to cure his dog's convulsions one night.

We haven't got the dope on what this contraption was made of but it's good enough to warm T-5 Francis Buck on a Belgian road.

These GIs spent a night on an unsuccessful tiger hunt in the Burma jungle so they bought a skin from a native in order to have something to show for it.

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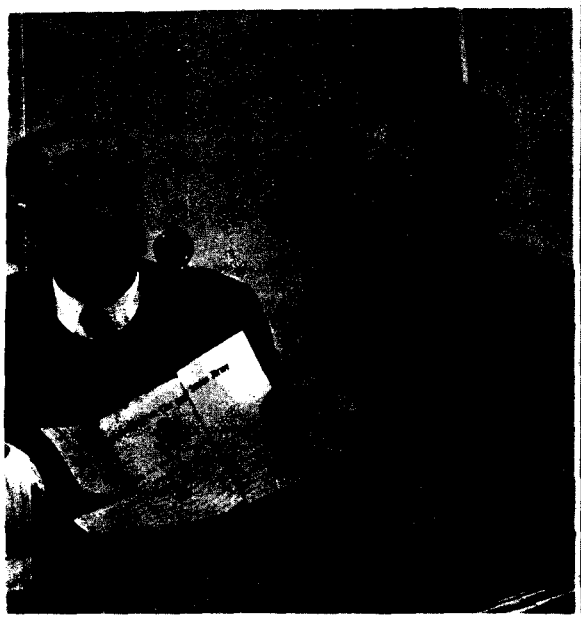
Show

RAS OF THE WORLD

ARCTIC AIR FIELD. Off Greenland a whaleboat from a Coast Guard cutter pushes an ice cake away to make room for a recon plane.



TH DIVISION MAN. When the Yanks rolled into Fels in Luxembourg they met Bill Holland (left), a 5th Division veteran of first World War.

SOA At a Philippines mess hall which GIs and Wacs share, T-5 Alice Uecke and Pfc. Arthur Savold wash their gear side by side.

It could be that T/Sgt. Edward Broderick is keeping the Leaning Tower of Pisa in Italy from leaning any farther, or it might be just a neat bit of picture posing.

HE SENORITA SIGNS. GIs from Puerto Rico had their morale boosted up to the skies when this lady paid a visit to the Antilles Department. She is Armida, star of the Mexican stage and screen.

Pvt. Tom Falkenburg, who's stationed in London, has a specialty in his collection—his sister Jinx.

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MAIL CALL

Compulsory Military Training (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

Why do we need a post-war draft?

To police Germany and Japan? The French, English, Russians, Chinese, Poles and many others will be glad to take that job off our hands and can do a much better job than we.

To maintain a large standing Army for our defense? Against whom will we have to defend ourselves once we lick the Axis? Britain and Russia will be the only countries which can possibly threaten our security, and neither of them shows the slightest intention of wanting to do other than remain friends with us.

To educate our youth? Why not send our young men to a college or vocational school for a year at the Government's expense instead? It would be much cheaper and they would get more out of a course in English literature or Diesel engines than from studying the tactics and technique of policing the area.

For the health of our youth? Parks, playgrounds, swimming pools and free medical services would go a lot farther in that direction than sleeping in pup tents and hiking 30 miles with a full field pack.

Personally I have yet to hear a reason good enough for me to want my son to go through the same chicken I'm getting.

France —Pfc. SIMON SCHATZ

Dear YANK:

...Everyone seems to forget the fact that disarmament after World War I did not prevent World War II. Armament and a strong Army and Navy will prevent another.

A year spent in the armed services will further the education of the coming young Americans. Travel and meeting people alone is an education. It will improve the minds of young men, give them a better understanding of the great country in which they live, therefore making them better citizens in later years.

With peace in sight, many are overlooking the assurance of future peace. A year's compulsory military training in either the Army or Navy will go far in assuring that future peace.

Panama —J. W. POWELL ARM3c

Dear YANK:

...A youth-training program at this time is a stab in the back to the efforts made for permanent peace at the Dumbarton Oaks conference. How can one plan for peace at the same time when planning for war? The only time such a plan should be considered is when all efforts for permanent peace and disarmament by all nations have failed.

If we do have to acknowledge the fact that war is inevitable, one year of service is certainly not enough. Future wars, if fought, will be scientific wars and will call for trained specialists. The foot soldier has been half as important in this war as in the last war; the future will find him further lessened in importance, for the next war will be fought with larger planes and robombs, primarily....

India —Pvt. SOL BENDER

Dear YANK:

...As a champion fighter must be ever ready to defend his title, so must we be prepared to defend our hard-won peace.... Every one of us was ready to give his all for the country when we learned about Pearl Harbor, but for quite a time our "all" was pitifully inadequate, because we had allowed ourselves to be lulled into a state of false security.... Many Americans lost their lives because we felt that, because we were Americans, they couldn't do that to us. Needless to say, they did.... I cannot believe that a proper peace can be maintained without something to back it up, e.g., a strong military force of trained men and superior materiel as an ominous warning to any and all who dare to threaten our freedom.

Luke Field, Ariz. —A/S KEITH S. FRAME

Dear YANK:

...Whatever group you belong to, please wait until the war is over before you settle this question. Please wait until we soldiers get back to civilian life. Please let us have a little say about this question of compulsory military training for our children. When we get back, we will be able to give you the straight dope about the Army....

Don't think you have our true opinions while we are subject to military law. Please wait until we are civilians again and we will be able to settle this problem with the help of our experience.

You pulled the Volstead Act during the last war; don't make another similar blunder during this war. Please don't pull this compulsory-military-training stuff on us.

Iran —(Name Withheld)

Troop Sleepers

Dear YANK:

The War Department should award the designer of the troop sleeper some kind of a medal—say for instance the Distinguished Service Cross with at least three Oak Leaf Clusters.

After spending four days and three nights, we still have a day and night to go, and we are all on the verge of physical collapse, due to being tossed from one end of the car to the other. Our hearing has long since been destroyed by the thunderous noise created as we are dragged along (all wheels are flat) at speeds up to 75 mph.

The first night out, the rain came into the doors so freely that several of us awakened completely soaked. Fortunately no one contracted anything worse than a head cold.

Old-time railroaders claim a flat-wheeled boxcar rides much easier than one of these troop sleepers. Having made a couple of trips via the "rods," I'm inclined to agree.

We do appreciate the WD's generosity in paying our expenses to and from the POE, but we feel that Uncle Sam has been swindled again when some "expert" designed this monstrosity....

Hawaii —1st Sgt. H. W. EVANS*

*Also signed by four others.

Can Openers

Dear YANK:

In answer to T/Sgt. Gido DeMarco's problem about not having can openers, we have found here in India that the best thing to use is the cook's fighting weapon, a meat cleaver. If T/Sgt. DeMarco and his mess personnel would of been properly trained before they left the States for overseas, they would of never asked such a question.

India —S/Sgt. HARVEY E. BOYD

Oil and Rice Fields

Dear YANK:

There has been some talk of starving the Japanese home islands into submission through naval and air action. I have an idea to offer which I have never heard discussed.

I have often noticed how a small quantity of gasoline, kerosene or used motor oil will spread over a large body of water. Now one of the main foods of Japan is rice, which is raised in fields that are stagnant pools of water. While I was home in Yuma, Ariz., on furlough I saw airplanes dusting fields with poison to kill insects. Why can't our airplanes spray the fields of Japan in a like manner, using something like gasoline that will wipe out their ricefields?

Foodstuff is certainly to be classed as a military objective. I would like to hear some reason why the spraying of waste used motor oil or other similar agent to destroy agriculture and the forests of Japan would not be practical. At the present time it would, of course, be impractical, but after we have obtained bases close to Japan it seems to me it is well worth considering.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pvt. ELSON V. BRUCE

Forward Pass

Dear YANK:

In a recent football quiz you asked: "Who threw the longest completed pass in the history of football?" In answer you stated: "Brick Mueller of California, who threw a 70-yard pass against Ohio State."

That is not the longest pass in football history. According to a story in the November issue of *Esquire*, the longest completed pass was 87 yards, thrown by Robinson and completed by Schneider of St. Louis in their game against Kansas in 1906.

New Guinea —Pvt. FRED SCHOTZMAN

■ The longest forward pass thrown in that Kansas-St. Louis game was 48 yards, according to the 1907 Spalding Guide, which contains a full account of the game. Most football historians trace the legend of Robinson's 87-yard pass to a practice game in 1906 in which he threw a pass of 67 yards, not 87 yards.

Infantry Goal

Dear YANK:

Being in an Infantry combat unit, we'd like to know this: when will we have an objective to meet like the Air Corps? In other words, how many days of combat time do we need to get reclassified? Talking to different Infantry units, we seem to all agree that a goal should be established.

Italy —S/Sgt. WILLIAM BOOK*

*Also signed by nine others.

Civil Service

Dear YANK:

Federal laws offer the returning servicemen many opportunities in the Civil Service field. Although these benefits are of immense aid in the post-war world, they overlook one important element, namely, time. As any Government worker can confirm, the interval between taking of exam and appointment to duty is usually of quite a duration.

Why not allow our men to take Civil Service exams while overseas? The Armed Forces Institute and company commander are competent to handle the examining and proctoring duties. Applications for the exams could be made direct by the individual to the Civil Service Commission. The Special Services Division has the facilities for publicizing any forthcoming exam.

The knowledge that each day longer you are in uniform is actually pushing you that much forward on the appointment list will be a morale booster that will outdo tons of pamphlets and volumes of speeches.

Solomon Islands —Sgt. SEYMOUR GELBER

Colored Shells

Dear YANK:

May I offer a suggestion? We are shooting a lot of 105 ammo and are having a lot of trouble telling what kind of shell is in a case after we take the tape off it. Why doesn't Ordnance paint the end of the fiber case the round is packed in with the color of the round? Then when it has to be repacked or counted in the ammo pits, it could be done with ease.

Germany —Sgt. H. E. LLOYD

German jet plane.

German rocket plane.

Jet-Propelled Planes

Dear YANK:

It is not often that one can find a mistake in your publication, but here is one Sgt. Georg Meyers overlooked. I am referring to his article on jet propulsion. You picture a German plane with the caption "Allies have seen this Nazi jet job over Europe." The airplane in question is not powered by a jet engine but is a true rocket-powered fighter, the Messerschmitt 163.

There is a great difference in the two power plants; nevertheless, they are sometimes mistaken for each other.

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Pfc. ERNEST A. [illegible]

■ Correction welcomed. The picture mentioned was an ME-163, a rocket-propelled fighter. For the records, see photos of Nazi jet and Nazi rocket ships [*above*].

The War Goes On

Dear YANK:

We don't mind getting gigged for haircuts, dirty fatigues, etc., but when, in an IG inspection, we get nailed for hoar frost on the boardwalk, that's going too far. It is said that salt will remove it, but there isn't enough salt even to season the soup. So if you know of any defrosting device suitable for a battery area, we'll chip in for it.

Camp Fannin, Tex. —Cpl. ROBERT VALKENIER*

*Also signed by five others.

Dear YANK:

A couple of days ago I was told to cut some grass. There is nothing unusual about such a detail, but when I found that I didn't have any tools to work with I told the man in charge. He answered, "The Old Man wants this small patch cut. I can't get any tools so you will have to get a knife or something else." I told him I haven't a knife. "Go into the barracks and get a razor blade!" This being an order, I did it promptly. A few moments later I found myself cutting grass with a double-edge razor blade.

What I want to know is why does the Army have to give such silly orders? I wonder if I'm eligible for a Section 8, or should we all get it for doing such a silly thing? If you publish this please keep my name out of it or else there will be murder around here and I'll be the victim.

Sheppard Field, Tex. —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

...We had been receiving quite a few air raids and some of them had been carried out by the Japs in such a way that we didn't know they were here until shooting of our AA guns had begun, or after they dropped their eggs or started strafing. Many of the men began to sleep fully dressed, minus shoes, to be somewhat prepared. One night when the raid signal started, one man, who was sleeping with his clothes on, ran out of the tent and didn't realize his shirt tail was out. His only thought was to reach a shelter. The next day we found out that our commanding officer had caught him with his shirt tail out and busted him from corporal to private.

We would like to know if our CO has the authority to bust a man for being out of uniform at a time such as this? As far as we are concerned a man thinks more of life than he does of his shirt tail.

Marianas Islands —(Name Withheld)

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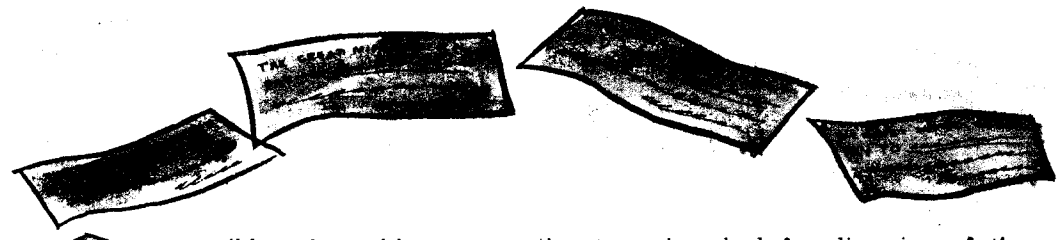


THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

By Sgt. HOWARD JACOBS

The Great Midwestern Lines
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs:

I am writing you concerning an error made by your ticket agent in Pottsburg, Nebr., where I am stationed in Camp Crosswhite.

Last month I applied for a reservation on your line to my residence in New Orleans, La., where I was going on my first furlough since I received greetings 10 months ago. A week later I picked up my ticket with lower berth, for which I paid $66, and took off for New Orleans.

When I arrived in Kansas City I noticed my ticket said the New Orleans train would depart at 7 P.M., so I had to cool my heels all day in Kansas City. It was raining hard, so at a cost of $2.50 I rented a room in a high-class flophouse near the depot to wait for the 7-o'clock train.

At the train that evening the conductor said my reservation was on a train which left at 8:30 that morning, just 25 minutes after I arrived. He said it was nobody's fault but the agent who sold me the ticket and the best he could do was to give me a berth which was reserved somewhere along the line but which might not be claimed.

I crawled into this berth to get a good night's rest about 9 P.M., but I was very restless thinking about this boner the ticket agent pulled and could not sleep whatsover.

About 2 A.M. the conductor knocked on my berth and said the passenger with the reservation for the berth just got on and I would have to sleep in the men's washroom.

I don't know if you have ever had to sleep in the men's washroom, but it was very uncomfortable with a narrow seat that I fell off of three or four times, and altogether I spent a miserable night from 2 A.M. until sunrise.

The conductor said you would adjust the matter to my satisfaction, and I am enclosing a receipt from him which confirms my statement.

Yours truly,
PVT. ELMO PETTIGREW

Dear Pvt. Pettigrew:

We regret the inconvenience caused you by our ticket agent's error, and herewith enclose our check for $3.75, which we trust is satisfactory. The refund was computed by taking the $7.50 Pullman rate to New Orleans and dividing it in half, as you had possession of the berth half the night.

Sincerely,
OPAL MCGILLICUDDY
Secretary to the
Assistant Passenger Agent

Dear Mrs. McGillicuddy:

I received your check for $3.75 covering refund for half of Pullman fare, but regret that this is not satisfactory by any manner of means.

What the railroad company does not seem to consider is that I was so upset by this error that I not only lost the half-night's sleep I spent in the men's room, but also the first half of the night in the lower berth, where the suspense was terrible, what with me expecting to be tossed out of the berth every time I heard a footstep.

I hoarded my nickels and dimes for 10 months to ride home in style, and to sleep in the comfort of soft white pillows and clean sheets in the privacy of a lower berth.

Maybe you've never been on conditioning maneuvers to the mountains, where you sleep in pup tents if you're lucky and foxholes if you aren't, and where if it isn't raining the CO will march us over to another mountain where it is, just so we can get a real taste of the outdoors.

If you ever suffered all those inconveniences, you can understand my passion for riding on a sleeper, and how shocked and disappointed I was when I got bounced from my berth, just like it was fire drill in Battery A.

Yours truly,
PVT. ELMO PETTIGREW

Dear Pvt. Pettigrew:

We enclose an additional check for $3.75, which, with the check previously mailed you, covers your entire Pullman fare. We can fully understand your feelings in this matter, but feel sure this additional remittance will be acceptable. Your patronage is greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE P. FINALEHOPPER
Assistant Passenger Agent

Dear Mr. Finalehopper:

I am quite surprised to get your second check for only $3.75. As I advised you in my first letter, I put out $66 for this trip to get a first-class ticket, as the ticket agent said I could not buy a lower berth at any price if I had a furlough ticket, which would cost me only $22, or just one-third of the first-class rate.

In other words, I pay this extra $44 just for the privilege of sleeping on the train one night, and what happens but through no fault of mine I get tossed out on my ear just because your ticket agent gave me a bum steer.

You can't lay it on the war, either, as if your ticket agent hadn't fouled up I would have caught the morning train and got home half a day earlier without my nerves shot from sleeping on a hard seat in the men's room with the porters and the passengers strolling in and out all night.

Yours truly,
PVT. ELMO PETTIGREW

Dear Pvt. Pettigrew:

The correspondence re your furlough has been handed to me, and though it is my personal feeling that you are being a bit unreasonable in the matter, I am enclosing for the sake of harmony our check for $36.50.

This represents the difference between a furlough ticket and a first class ticket, i.e., $44, less the $7.50 already advanced you for your Pullman refund. It is my conviction that this is a more than liberal settlement. Inevitably during wartime, mistakes occur in the confusion of a vastly stepped-up traffic, and we feel you should make allowances for this state of affairs.

The writer is not entirely unaware of the discomforts of war and preparation for war. As a member of the famed Rainbow Division during World War I, he experienced all the misery of living for weeks in water-logged and louse-infested dugouts, plus the additional annoyance of being shot at on occasions too numerous to mention. Like you he can appreciate the luxury of a cozy Pullman berth with privacy and white sheets, but it is doubtful if their lack would so demoralize him as it seems to have you.

Very truly yours,
EPHRAIM Q. SCUTTLEWORTHY
Passenger Agent

Dear Mr. Scuttleworthy:

I have received your check for $36.50 and have credited it to your account. Also note what you have to say about my being unreasonable, and must respectfully beg to differ. It is perfectly true that I can do without even ordinary conveniences as long as the next fellow, but it is an entirely different proposition when you are led to expect something only to have your expectations blasted by a careless ticket agent.

When I was a kid back in my home town in Mississippi there was a family on the outskirts who used to deliver us milk. It consisted of mother, father, daughter and son, and they were as happy-go-lucky as any family I ever knew.

Then one day they got word that a rich relative had died and left them a quarter of a million bucks. Naturally they were all hepped up about the prospects and spent the next couple of weeks telling the customers all of the wonderful plans they had for disposing of the money when they got it.

Finally a letter came that it was all a mistake and that the estate was flat busted. This family just went completely to pieces, said they could never hold up their heads again and that it was the end of everything for them. And they all made a suicide pact and turned on the gas in a bedroom after stuffing all the cracks and crevices.

Now, actually this family was no worse off when they found they weren't getting the money than they were before, but they were so crushed at the let-down that they became desperate. Of course, I wouldn't be likely to do anything so drastic, but I hope you get the general idea.

On the subject of my furlough, as I explained before, the mistake of your ticket agent caused me much mental anguish, which I would not have suffered if I merely bought a furlough ticket, so only reimbursing me for the difference between a furlough ticket and a first-class ticket does not remedy the situation in my opinion.

Yours truly,
PVT. ELMO PETTIGREW

Dear Pvt. Pettigrew:

Mr. Scuttleworthy, our passenger agent, has forwarded to me the file on your claim, including your last letter seeking further reimbursement. While I am inclined to agree heartily with Mr. Scuttleworthy on the justice—or rather the injustice—of your claim, the policy of the Great Midwestern, that The Passenger Comes First, impels me to include check for $22, representing the difference between the furlough and first-class rates. In other words, with this check we have remitted to you the sum total of $66, covering all transportation funds expended by you.

While the amount, in my estimation, is ridiculously disproportionate to the annoyance incurred by you, it is our earnest wish to retain your friendship and good will, hence the exception. If the milkman's family left any survivors, please extend to them my heartfelt condolences.

Very truly yours,
HUBERT O. THROCKLEBERRY
President, Great Midwestern Lines

Dear Mr. Throckleberry:

Thank you very much for the $22 check, which convinces me that your intentions are honorable and that you wish to do the right thing. There is one trifling matter that is still hanging fire. I spent $2.50 for a room in Kansas City as a result of your ticket agent's error, and would welcome your check for this amount.

Rest assured that in the future I will travel by Great Midwestern whenever possible.

Yours truly,
PVT. ELMO PETTIGREW

Dear Pvt. Pettigrew:

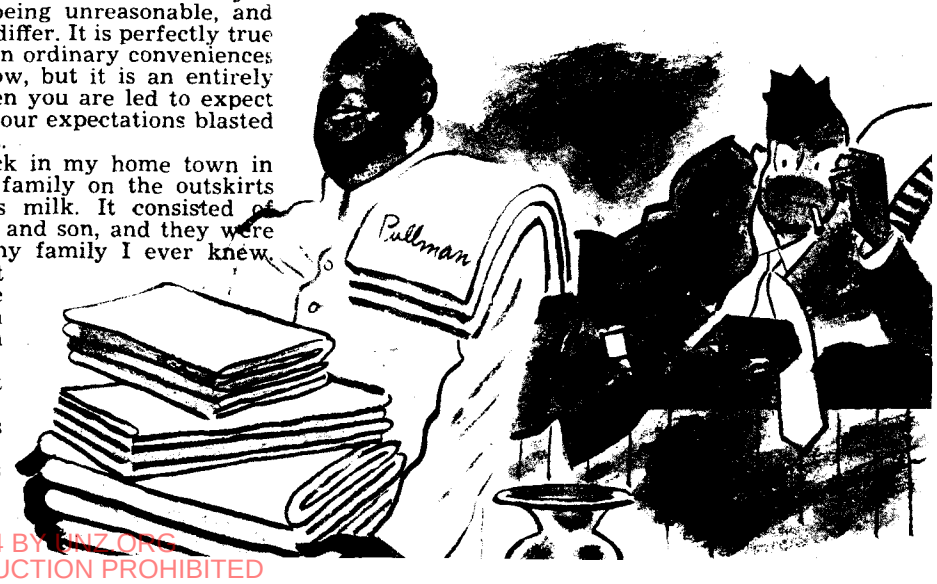
I have just read the dossier on your furlough, and as far as I know it is quite unprecedented. I believe that any reasonable individual would concede that we have dealt most generously with you, and while we want to lean over backwards to be fair, it appears we would have to be contortionists to satisfy your demands.

However, since we have gone this far we are enclosing our check for $2.50 covering your room expense in Kansas City, and sincerely trust that this concludes the matter.

We appreciate your pledge to Great Midwestern, but in fairness to competing lines, would recommend either the Continental Route or the Missouri & Southern on your next trip home.

Very truly yours,
P. ALOYSIUS GOOLSBY
Chairman of the Board

YANK FICTION



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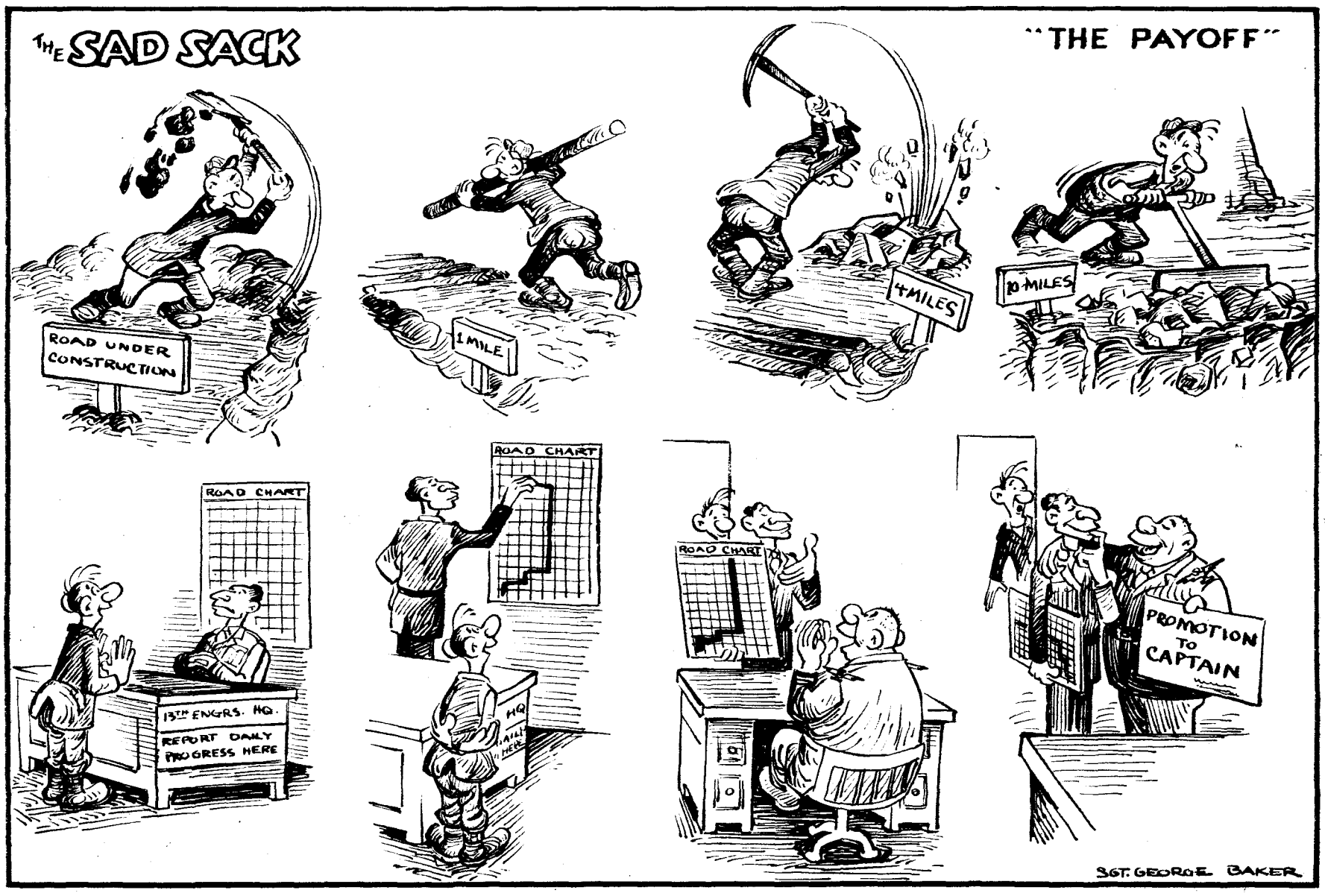


Gunner's Wings

Dear YANK:

In April of 1944 I graduated from aerial-gunnery school. Later I went to combat-crew training as a gunner on a B-24 for two months. There I was grounded for air sickness. Then I was sent to an Ordnance base. I would like to know if I may still wear my aerial-gunnery wings even though I have been grounded.

Hawaii —Cpl. HERMAN T. STOKES

■ You may not wear your aerial gunner's wings after being relieved from assignment as an aerial gunner unless you come within one of the following groups: *1)* you were wounded by enemy action, *2)* you were injured while a member of an air crew (this does not include air sickness), *3)* you were credited with 150 hours as an air-crew member, *4)* you participated in 10 combat missions or 10 operational missions overseas [*AAF Regulations 35-30 and 35-30A*].

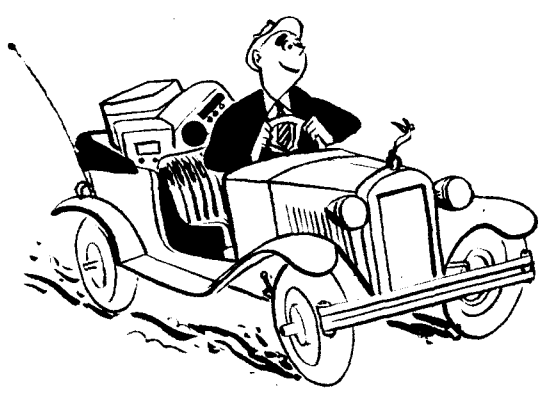
Autos for Business

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Signal Corps ever since I entered the Army and I have decided to set up my own radio-repair business after I am discharged. If I go into business in my home town I will not need any help from the Government for the initial equipment, because I have all that and I will operate the repair shop right in my own home. But I will need a car to carry my repair equipment and get around to the farms in the community. Will I be allowed to take out a business loan under the GI Bill of Rights and use the money to buy the auto?

France —Pvt. FRANK NARDONE

■ The Veterans' Administration has ruled that it will guarantee a loan to buy a car which is to be used in the conduct of a business or a farming operation. The only restriction on the guaranteeing of a loan for this purpose is that the automobile *must* be necessary for the running of the business or farming operation.



What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Rotation

Dear YANK:

Is there an AR, a circular or maybe an act of Congress which reads like this: "Any man serving in foreign service for over 18 months does not have to leave the continental limits of the United States?" Does a man who has served over two years on foreign service have to sign a waiver before he is returned to foreign service? We have been over for two years and have been told we will not get any more overseas service once we get back.

Central Pacific —Pfc. FRED L. PERRY

■ Sorry, but there is no such AR, circular or act of Congress. It's just a latrine rumor. However, *WD Cir. No. 8 (1945)* provides that when the military situation permits, soldiers returned under rotation shall be given duty in the States before returning overseas and that, when possible, soldiers with no overseas service, followed by those who have been back in the States for six months or more, shall be shipped before all others. There is no clear-cut definition of what period of time in the States constitutes "duty."

Marital Furlough

Dear YANK:

Two and a half years ago I was stationed in England. While I was there I met a young girl and we became engaged. We never got an opportunity to marry because our outfit was ordered to leave for another theater. At present my outfit is eligible to send men home on the rotation and furlough plan. I would like to go to England under the plan and get married, but the circulars on furloughs state that I must take the furlough in the States. Now here is what I would like to find out: Is there any possible way that I might be able to get back to England so that I could get married?

Italy —Cpl. LE ROY E. SCHIEKLE

■ There is. Write a letter through channels to the Commanding General, ETO, stating that you wish your letter to be considered as a declaration of intention to be married, give the date when you expect to be eligible for rotation, state that you wish to forego rotation to the States and that you desire a furlough in order to get married. Send the letter at least 2½ months before you intend to go to England. There is a three-month waiting period between the time when you declare your intention to marry and the date when you can be married.

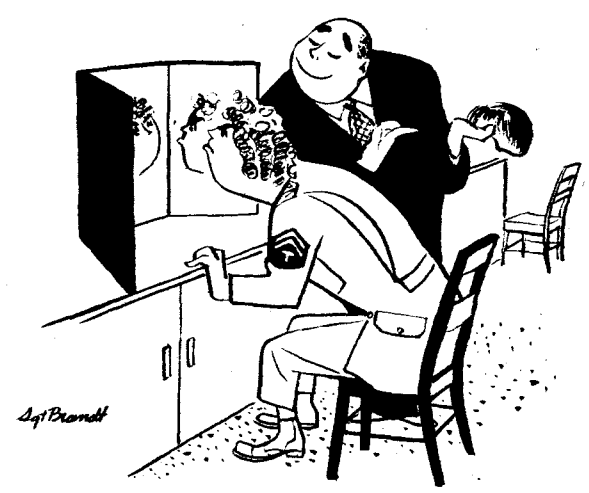
Lost Wig

Dear YANK:

When I came in the Army I wore a wig. Since being over here I have had to dispose of it because of it being too hot to wear. Will the Army buy me a wig when I return to the States again? I've asked my medical officer and there seems to be no one here on the island that can answer my question. I'll appreciate your looking into this matter for me.

Guam —(Name Withheld)

■ It looks as if you are going to have to buy yourself a new wig. The Army does not replace lost personal property unless the loss is due to your activity in saving human life or Government property.



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STRICTLY GI

Issue [illegible]

U. S. [illegible] casualties totaled 764,584 as of Jan. 28. Of these the Army suffered 676,796, the Navy 87,788. The Army's dead numbered 130,266; wounded 390,176 (of whom 191,439 have recovered and been returned to duty); missing, 91,476; prisoners, 58,878. The Navy's dead numbered 33,192; wounded, 40,248; missing, 9,873; prisoners, 4,475.

Disposition of Troops

The War Department has announced that the Army has 5,100,000 men stationed overseas and has reached the bottom of the barrel in drawing Infantry replacements from divisions in the States. A WD official told YANK's Washington Bureau that the 3,000,000 men now stationed in the States were distributed equally among these three categories: *1)* men in training as replacements for overseas, *2)* men in training as tactical units also destined for overseas and *3)* overseas veterans and limited-service men assigned to "housekeeper" units.

Soldier Voting

As provided by the Federal Soldiers Voting Law, the Army will help soldiers to vote in state and local elections this year. Since there is no general election of Federal officers in 1945 as there was last year, there will be no Federal Ballots for GI use. Soldiers will vote either in person or by State Absentee Ballot. For information about the procedure to be followed in obtaining and voting a State Absentee Ballot, soldiers should consult their Soldier Voting officers or check with WD Cir. No. 487 (1944). The Army this year will not contact each soldier individually to hand him a post-card application for a State Absentee Ballot, but soldiers who want a post-card application will be able to get one from their Soldier Voting officers.

WAC Hospital Needs

The Women's Army Corps has set an ultimate recruiting goal of 8,000 in its campaign for personnel to form urgently needed WAC medical units in general hospitals. A total of 6,170 women are needed by May 1 to make up 103 units which the WAC hopes to have trained and functioning by midsummer. Under a new system of training, the corps expects to have its technicians actually at work in the hospitals within 11 weeks from the day they report at the WAC Training Center at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Nurses Commissioned

The Office of the Surgeon General has announced that 1050 nurses were commissioned in the Army Nurse Corps in January, a gain of 443 appointments over the figures for December but still far short of ANC's needs. The actual net gain in nurse personnel for the month amounted only to about 800, since the corps averages 250 separations a month, most of them because of physical disability.

GI Bill of Rights

Applications for guarantee of business loans under the GI Bill of Rights will be reviewed by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Smaller War Plants Corporation, according to an announcement of the Veterans' Administration. The two agencies will review the papers connected with loans for business and will recommend that the loans be approved or disapproved. They will examine the loans to determine "*1)* that the proceeds will be used for purposes permitted by law, *2)* that the property involved will be useful and reasonably necessary to the occupation; *3)* that the veteran has the ability and experience to assure a reasonable likelihood of success in the venture; *4)* that the price to be paid [for property or equipment] does not exceed a reasonable value; *5)* that the loan is practicable."

These loans, like all other loan guarantees under the GI Bill of Rights, will be made through recognized lending agencies such as banks, loan associations or individuals. In no case will the Government guarantee more than 50 percent of a loan up to $4,000 for any one GI. Interest on such loans may not exceed 4 percent.

"What makes me mad is the damn T/O around here."

Reclaimed Shoes

The Quartermaster Corps last year rebuilt and reissued almost 6,000,000 pairs of shoes which were on their way to the scrap heap, thus supplying nearly 17 percent of the Army's total footwear needs for the year. The shoe-rebuilding program was necessitated by increasing Army demands and the need for supplying shoes to Allied troops and civilians of liberated countries. Rebuilt shoes are issued to troops only in the States, since troops in combat get first call on new footwear. The number of pairs of shoes given minor repairs by QMC reached 18,500,000 last year.

Dustproof Goggles

New goggles described as "virtually dustproof" have been developed for members of the Armored Command and other vehicle operators. The lens is a single piece of shatterproof plastic, made flush so the wearer may clear them of grit or mud with one swipe of his sleeve. One lens can be removed in a few seconds and replaced with the spare lens that comes in a special envelope with each pair of goggles. The frame, made of an oil-resistant synthetic rubber, fits snugly on the face, and ventilation is provided by small screened holes around the edge. The goggles are now in the process of procurement.

Discharge Button

The Army, Navy and Veterans' Administration have decided to retain the present design of the discharge button given to honorably discharged veterans of this war, according to a WD announcement. Originally designed as a lapel button, it is now also available with a pin back.

Rainbow Division

The 42d (Rainbow) Division has been revealed as in action on the Western Front as a part of the Seventh Army. The division, which arrived in the ETO last November, is in combat in the same sector where it saw action in the first World War, when it was commanded by Gen. Douglas MacArthur. In the last war it took part in the Champagne - Marne defensive and the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives and fought its way to Sedan. The division is commanded by Maj. Gen Harry J. Collins, former assistant commander of the 99th Infantry Division.

Marianas Farming

GI truck farms covering more than 10,000 acres of Guam, Saipan and Tinian have netted 5,000,000 pounds of fresh vegetables in three months. Crops included cucumbers, watermelons, corn, cantaloupes, radishes, lettuce, cabbage and tomatoes. Turnips were not sown because nobody particularly cared for turnips, Irish potatoes proved unsuccessful, and spinach, peas and string beans were left out of the program because they were too much trouble to cook. A full-sized dairy has been proposed for Guam to supply fresh milk for hospital cases, and a small soap factory may be set up to make use of the local supply of dried coconut meat.

Ship Production

Merchant shipyards in January, according to the Maritime Commission, delivered 120 vessels aggregating 1,229,296 deadweight tons and one large derrick barge. Of the 120 ships, 90 were merchant types for merchant service, eight were merchant ships delivered for military account and 22 were military types for Navy use. No further information was available on the large derrick barge.

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Tinkers With Timepieces

Enid AAF, Okla.—Thanks to the fact that AS Willard P. Gaiser of Meadville, Pa., makes a hobby of fixing watches, aviation students of Section 1 don't have to wait "until sometime next year" to get their timepieces repaired. Almost any evening in Barracks 154, Gaiser can be found hunched over a table littered with the insides of some friend's Waltham or Bulova.

Gaiser began tinkering with watches in 1935 and while working as an expert tool and die maker with Talon Inc., he fashioned himself a set of jeweler's instruments. His loupe, or eyepiece, was fashioned from a camera view-finder, part of a bait-casting rod and a rubber band. His original tweezers were a cotter pin.

Gaiser's hobby aroused so much curiosity in the barracks that his roommate, A/S Ed Carter, came to his rescue by putting up a sign that read:

1. Yes, I fix watches.
2. No, I didn't go to a watchmaker's school.
3. Yes, I used to do this before I came in the Army.
4. No, I did not steal the tools. They belong to me. I made them.
5. Yes, it is very nerve-wracking work. Stick around and watch me wrack a nerve.
6. Any questions not covered by the above may be referred to my highly esteemed friend and business manager, Ed Carter.

They Had a Job To Do

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—"Have the Wacs gone completely wacky?" This and many other questions ran through the minds of onlookers at the sight of two members of the Women's Army Corps going about this camp counting telephone poles. But Sgt. Dorothy Wessel-Bartling of New York City and Cpl. Marian Laylin of Vandalia, Mo., knew what they were about. They were making a systematic check-up of all Signal Corps pole lines on the post.

Traveling around on foot, the girls got plenty of sunshine and exercise. But it wasn't the footwork that got them; it was the looks on the faces of passers-by.

Gets at Core of Coring Problem

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—A simple but ingenious device for the rapid coring of apples used for salads and baking in mess halls is the invention of T/Sgt. Reuben W. Cole, who is in charge of the vegetable room at post general mess.

Made from a three-inch section of one-inch gas pipe, plus a nut and a screw, the device will completely remove the core of an apple in a few seconds. Another model cuts out half the core when the fruit is prepared for baking. The parts for a corer cost less than 15 cents, and one can be made in less than 30 minutes in any Army machine shop.

A time study showed that it takes one man approximately one hour to core a bushel of apples by hand and only 7 to 10 minutes with Cole's corer. Cole, with nearly 13 years in the Army to his credit, says the corer is his first invention, but he admits he has another idea or two in mind to save man-hours.

GI Father and Son Both See Action

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—According to the latest tabulation, the firm of White & Son, soldiers, lists among its assets five battle stars and 11 decorations. Not many GI father-and-son combinations can top the Whites of West Virginia. M/Sgt. Reginald White, at the age of 50, flew 36 bombing missions over Europe as combat photographer on a B-24 Liberator, and his 23-year-old son, Cpl. Martin White, was a paratrooper who jumped into Normandy on D-Day and into Holland last October and was wounded twice.

The father is four stripes and five medals up on the son. Sgt. White wears the Distinguished Unit Citation, Purple Heart, Air Medal with four clusters, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Cpl. White rates the Purple Heart with cluster and the Silver Star. The son at last report was in a hospital somewhere in Europe, recuperating from his second set of wounds. The father, who recently returned to the States from the Fifteenth Air Force, Italy, is now the chief noncom of the base photo lab here.

The boy is mighty proud of his dad, but he likes to rib him. "When I first wrote my son about getting the Air Medal," says Sgt. White, "Marty wrote back, 'I didn't think you could make it, Pop. But I guess you can't keep the Irish down, can you, Pop?'"

Pop White sums up the mission that won him the DFC in a few words: "Lots of flak, lots of fighters, plenty cold." That's about all he'll say before switching the conversation to the exploits of his son. So you go to the records and find in the formal words of the official citation the dramatic story:

". . . Sgt. White was an aerial photographer on a very important bombing mission to Austria. En route to the target his aircraft was attacked aggressively by enemy fighters and Sgt. White assisted the gunners in beating off repeated and persistent attacks. Over the target, during intense and accurate antiaircraft fire, Sgt. White, with utter disregard for his own safety, operated manually a badly damaged aerial camera and obtained excellent photographs of the bomb damage. . . ."

White is Old Army. He was a buck sergeant with the Coast Artillery during the first World War and spent the duration drilling recruits on this side of the Atlantic. Then he signed up for a hitch with the Air Service of the Signal Corps, a forerunner of the AAF, and served until 1923 as one of its pioneer aerial photographers. Returning to civilian life, he worked as an insurance and auto salesman in Wisconsin and as a sales executive in New Jersey. In 1942 he enlisted again. "Wanted to get back in and see if I could help any," he says. "Maybe see some action this time."

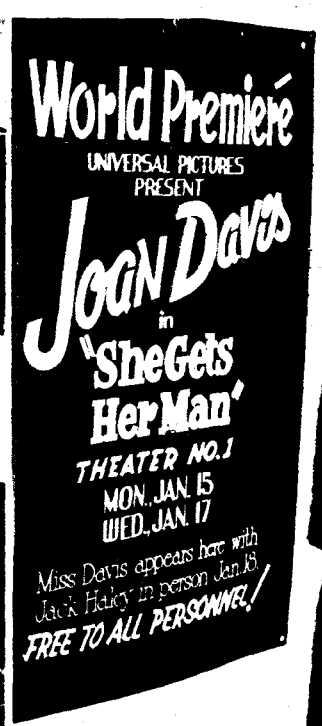
As far as he knows, Sgt. White is the oldest enlisted man to have taken part regularly in aerial combat in this war. "The kids and I got along fine," he says. "I was 'Pop' to all of them, and they used to come to me for fatherly advice about girls, marriage, etc. I was one of the boys, though. Whenever they went to town for some fun, I went along with the gang; in fact, sometimes I was the leader of it."

Now that the novelty of being back is wearing off, Pop is getting a little restless again. "I think I kinda liked it better in combat," he says. "There was something exciting going on all the time. Maybe I'm getting to the age where I shouldn't want so much excitement, but after being used to all the action it seems rather dull over here. I wouldn't mind flying one of those B-29s."

—Pfc. RICHARD PACK

M/Sgt. Reginald White

AIR MINDED. Wacs stationed at Camp Carson, Colo., have duties which keep them close to the ground, but a number of them have been taking to the air. They have been learning how to fly at the Pine Valley Flying Service. Here's Pfc. Mannette L. Cowen entering a two-seater for a joy-hop.



YOU AGAIN? Pfc. Karyl Waldman of Flushing, L. I., went in to see a picture featuring Joan Davis at the post theater, Lemoore Army Air Field, Calif. When he came out, there was what looked like Joan at the theater door. His eyes deceived him. She was showing up for a personal appearance.

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CAMP NEWS

Sooner or later most of the men in Stark General Hospital have a drink at the refreshment counter.

Coke Bar Is Hangout for Wounded Vets

Stark General Hospital, Charleston, S. C.—Since the ETO wounded began coming back to the States, many of the 35,000 who have ridden into this harbor have eaten their homecoming hamburgers and ice cream, tasted coke again and swapped stories at the Stark refreshment counter.

It's a noisy place, this coke bar. A juke box blares over the chatter of hundreds of pajama-clad GIs and is drowned out only when the telephone operator's monotone voice drawls through the speaker on the wall: "Cpl. John Stevens, Cpl. John Stevens. Your call to Toledo is ready."

Occasionally a face well known all over America has been reflected in the polished top of the coke bar—like that of T-Sgt. Sterling Holloway, the movie actor, now discharged for medical reasons, who came back tired out after many months in North Africa and Italy with his all-soldier show, "Hey, Rookie." And there have been some who became known through the war. Take Capt. Leonard T. Schroeder of Baltimore, Md., whose name was carried on news wires when he was designated as the first American soldier to put foot on French soil in the Normandy invasion.

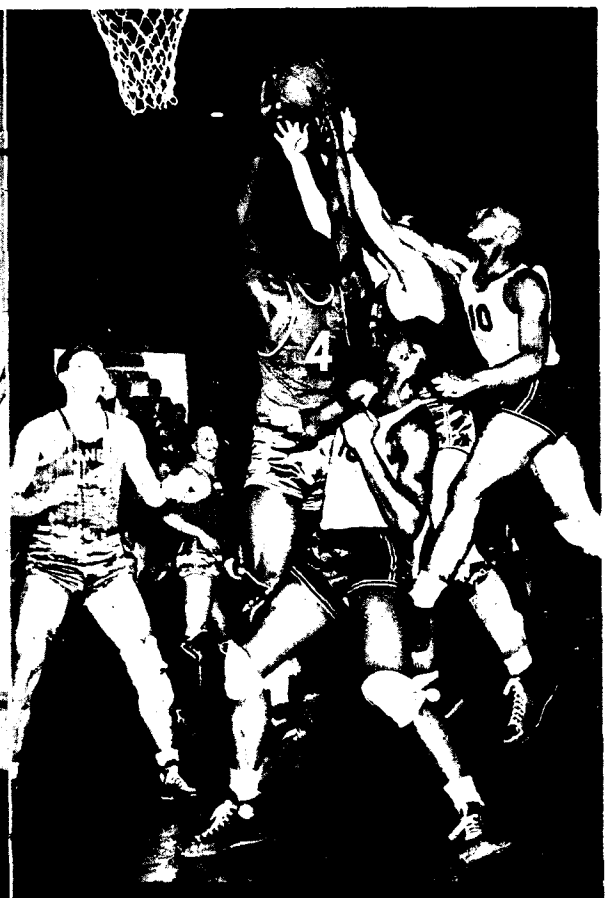
Then there was Sgt. Benjamin E. Gwartney of Oklahoma City, the ex-pug and former marine who hitchhiked via glider to the Normandy beachhead to avenge his brother, a prisoner of the Japs since Corregidor. And Pvt. George W. Banfi, a metal worker from Follansbee, W. Va., who could tell how a teen-aged French girl saved his life as he lay helpless in a hedgerow ditch—how she grabbed his carbine and killed a Jerry who was crawling over the hedge.

But most of the talk over the coke bar hasn't been about life "over there." Most of it runs along this line: "Man, these American girls look good." "I wonder how the tires on my old Chevy are holding out." "I hear they have three hospitals in Ohio."

Most of the fellows are jumpy and let-down the first few hours they are back. This hospital is a quiet place, nestled on an old plantation site on the shores of the sluggish Ashley River. Its silence is broken by an occasional Liberator droning home to a nearby base, and the wind blowing through the southern pines and the moss-draped live oaks. Maybe that's the reason the coke bar and its blaring juke box do so much business.

—S/Sgt. KARL KORSTAD

BUT MADEMOISELLE! T-5 Stephen Piazzi of Camp Croft, S. C., shows a fine Italian hand with the spaghetti at a home in Spartanburg, S. C.



AIMING HIGH. Three players land in the air during a game at Lincoln AAF, Nebr., between the Lincoln "Wings" and Hastings Navy [illegible] 66-28.

There is need for pictures and news stories for these pages. How about sending in some contributions from your camp? They should be cleared through the Public Relations officer at your installation, who in turn will send them to the Liaison Branch of the Bureau of Public Relations, 2C888, Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C., with a request that they be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly. No other channels are necessary.

AROUND THE CAMPS

AAF Redistribution Station, Atlantic City, N. J.—When a piece of flak ripped through the belly of his B-24 over Germany and nudged his chute harness, S/Sgt. Edwin C. Nottebart, a gunner from Lexington, Mass., hollered over the interphone, "Who kicked me?" Nottebart explained that the flak had spent its force and was as "gentle as a kick in the pants."

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Men of Company F, 800th Signal Training Regiment, regard what happened in their company area one night as a commentary on the ability of soldiers to sleep soundly. There was a smokestack fire at the No. 1 barracks and Pvt. Jimmy Kirkley, the barracks fire inspector, hopped out of his bed to do his duty. Fire engines clanged to a stop outside and Jimmy formed a cordon around a crowd of one excited spectator to keep him from interfering with the firemen.

Buckley Field, Colo.—Told by the girl in the dental clinic here that he must wait for his turn to have his teeth inspected, Cpl. Ben McCollum of Atlanta, Ga., removed the upper and lower plates from his mouth and declared: "Here are my teeth, young lady. I'm in a hurry. When my turn comes, have them inspected. I'll be back and pick them up in a couple of hours."

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Come Mar. 17 the wearing of the green will really mean something at the Noncoms' Club here. T-4 Henry Murphy of the South Boston AOH (Ancient Order of Hibernians) has succeeded T/Sgt. Johnny Murphy of New York as president. Just to be sure there's a quorum with decorum, the NCOs elected as members of the board of governors, Sgts. McCarty, Fagan and Dorsey.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—"Is your lace right?" asked at morning inspection has a meaning of its own here. To make sure that trainees change their shoes daily—both for sanitary reasons and to conserve footwear—the Infantry Replacement Center directs all to lace one pair of shoes over the eyelets and one pair under the eyelets.

Camp Pickett, Va.—Pvt. Art Sinn, an MP patrolling one of the camp roads one night, spotted a GI vehicle approaching on the wrong side of the road. Sinn stopped the truck and was preparing to give the driver a ticket when the soldier explained he had just arrived here after three years in Australia and couldn't get out of the habit of driving on the left side of the road. "Couldn't very well give him a ticket after that excuse, could I?" said Sinn.

Winter General Hospital, Topeka, Kans.—Sgt. Fred J. Boyd is well acquainted with bed No. 28, Ward A-5, here in his home town. He was assigned that bed when he returned to the States after the New Georgia campaign. Now he's back in bed No. 28, Ward A-5, this time as the result of an accident in France.

Buckingham Field, Fla.—A C-47 arrived here, addressed "Commanding Officer, Ft. Myers, Fla." Five pilots checked out in it, and it was picked up at Operations on Form 110. Then the mistake was discovered. Page Field is also located near the town of Ft. Myers, and one day the Page CO came over and revealed that the transport was intended for him.

This Is My Lucky Day

Camp Kilmer, N. J.—T-5 Warren B. Richards, in New York on a pass, was persuaded to attend Phil Baker's "Take It or Leave It" broadcast at CBS.

He bet a sailor $5 he would be the first person called as a contestant and was.

He answered all the questions and won $64.

He answered the jack-pot question and received $58 more.

Total winnings: $127.

And to top it all off, he was awarded a free long-distance phone call and, upon calling his mother in Virginia, discovered she had just happened to tune in on the show in time to hear his voice.

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NAVY NOTES

Odyssey. While on duty in Panama, Coast Guard Warrant Machinist Alexander Mouton of Cambridge, Mass., received orders to report for duty on an assault transport on the West Coast. He arrived the day after the ship sailed, so he got aboard a carrier bound for Pearl Harbor in an effort to catch up with his ship.

At Pearl Harbor he found that a change in the transport's orders had sent her to Guadalcanal, so he boarded an Army ship going there but arrived a week after the transport had left for Espiritu Santo. Mouton then caught a transport plane to Espiritu, only to find that his ship's orders had again been changed en route and she was in Pearl Harbor. A Navy YP took him back to Pearl—but the transport had moved on to the Admiralties.

A destroyer trip to the Admiralties revealed that his phantom ship was now in the vicinity of Eniwetok, and a plane obligingly dropped him off there, but the ship had just sailed for Pearl Harbor. Back again to Pearl on an LST, and again the transport had come and gone.

This time the Coast Guard decided it was wiser to change Mouton's orders, and he was assigned to another and less-elusive ship. Mouton suspects now that the transport was the *Flying Dutchman* but agrees that she did give him a good Cook's Tour of the South Pacific.

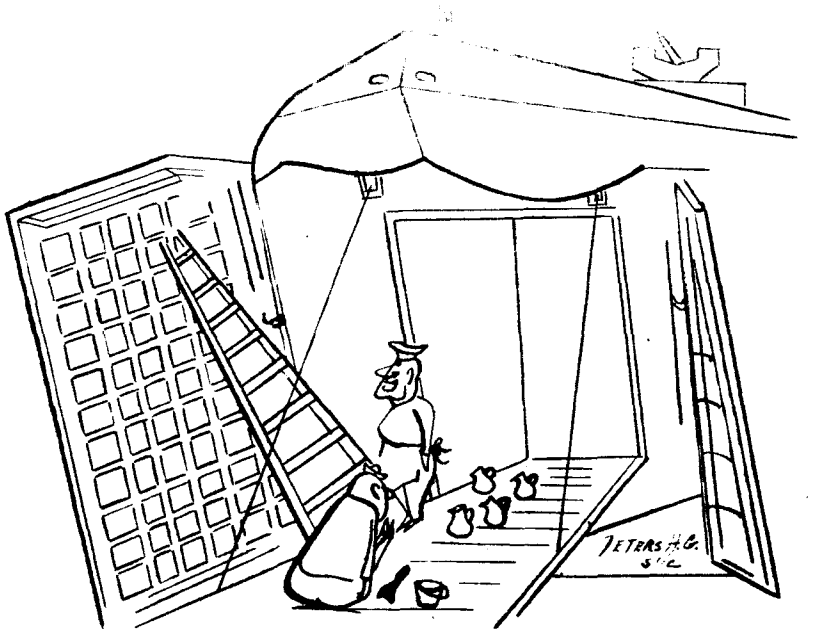
Carry On. A shore party was directing the unloading of cargo on the Leyte beachhead when a small landing boat was seen trying to make its way between the cargo lighters. A sailor whose job was to keep this sector clear of such craft shouted: "Get that boat out of here." But the boat plodded on and grounded 15 yards offshore.

An Army lieutenant's head appeared over the ramp. "Send a duck out to pick us up," he called. "Walk in, the water's fine," yelled the beachmaster. The ramp dropped and Gen. Douglas MacArthur walked in. "Good morning," he said. "How are things going?"

Shark Bait. The four undergraduate classes in this Navy have been designated as barber bait, needle bait, girl bait and shark bait. For the last class the Navy has developed a new chemical compound to be used as a shark repellant. A packet of the stuff can be attached to a life jacket. Upon contact with water it dissolves into an inky fluid and the sharks just don't like it. Tests conducted off the coasts of Florida and Louisiana proved [illegible] when the sharks had been excited and made [illegible] by luring them with [illegible]

The senior undergraduates may now have to find a new name or just remain girl bait during their stint in OGU.

Emergency. A submarine lay submerged as depth charges from a Jap destroyer slammed nearer and nearer. At any moment the crew expected the lights to go out. In the control room the men were anxiously watching the gauges when the door flew open and the cook rushed in. "For cripes sake," he yelled, "you've gotta do something about that destroyer. My bread's falling!"



"Just hand me that batter and when the sun comes up I'll show you the biggest damn waffle you ever saw." —H. G. Peters S1c

Navy Wac. M/Sgt. Helen Smith of Greensboro, N. C., hardly knows whether she's a Wac-ave or a Wave-ac. Since her arrival in North Africa in January 1943 she has been on duty with the Navy, first in a captain's office and then, in Italy, on Adm. Hewitt's staff. She says, "Aye aye. sir," and goes ashore for liberty.

Now she has received a Navy citation which entitles her to wear the Navy's Commendation Ribbon for "serving most effectively and loyally with [Adm. Hewitt's] staff through a period in which major offensive operations have been conducted almost continually."

"One thing that surprised me when I got close to war," said Sgt. Smith, "was the enormous amount of paper work it takes to fight. Do you know, the naval plans alone for the invasion of southern France made a volume *this* thick."

New Regulations. Because it has been reported that attendance at religious services has been made compulsory at certain stations, the Secretary of the Navy has announced that it is considered illegal to establish religious requirements for service in the Navy and that anyone who does not wish to attend religious services shall be excused. . . . The religious convictions of those who observe Sabbath on another day than Sunday are to be respected to the extent that military considerations permit; they should be excused from regular duty on that day and perform full duty on Sunday. . . . For the first time in 25 years, beer and ale of regular commercial strength may be carried on Navy ships for sale and consumption ashore (except in naval hospitals). . . . Surgery cannot be performed in the Navy upon a mentally competent person who refuses his permission but if, in the opinion of a board of three or more medical officers, his refusal is unreasonable, he may be subjected to disciplinary action. . . . Special Assignment men may now be assigned the same duty and ratings as anyone else in the Navy, except that they may not be assigned to ships that have been in commission less than one year, or to combat ships of the destroyer class or smaller, or to armed-guard duty afloat. They may be sent to any Navy school except fire control, radar, quartermaster, signal, aviation radio, salvage and sound. . . . Anyone is entitled to make out an application for a discharge. Your CO or personnel officer will give you the necessary information and forms. Your application will be judged on its own merits but your reasons have to be very urgent and your chances of getting a discharge are about the same as they always have been. . . . Telegrams sent by COs in answer to requests for extension of leave are considered Government business and are not to be sent collect. . . . According to *BuPers Circular Letter 1-45*, the price of Charbert's Breathless perfume, as listed in the Overseas Gift Catalogue of the Army Exchange Service, has been reduced. Orders at the higher price will be filled with additional Fabulous perfume. —DONALD NUGENT S1c

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

PVT. BILLY BAILEY, last heard of in 172d Inf. somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: write Pvt. Jacob Haas. . . . Lt. BARTELME, once a pilot at Kellogg Field, Mich., later believed in England: write Sgt. Frank H. Sutton. . . . Cpl. DUNCAN BRIGHT, formerly of the 106th Cav. (Mecz.), Camp Hood, Tex.: write S/Sgt. Tommy Blanco. . . . Pfc. MORRIS COOPER, last heard of at Indiantown Gap, Pa.: write Pfc. Virgil L. Thorpe. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Pfc. DON CORRENTI of the 1st Armored Regt.: write Cpl. Vincent Correnti. . . . Cpl. FRANK CORTAZZO of the 33d Gen. Hosp.: write Cpl. Nathan E. Lewis. . . . Pvt. DORA CURTISS, last heard of at Fort Ogelthorpe, Ga.: write Pvt. Charles R. Patton. . . . Pfc. HENRY DOERR of Mecosta, Mich., formerly of the 94th Cml. Comp. Co., last heard of at Camp Stoneman, Calif.: write Pfc. Forest E. Cummings. . . . Lt. JOHNNIE D. EDGAR, last heard of with the AAF at Foster Field, Tex.: write Andrew D. Giovo BM2c. . . . NORMAN GALLOW, last heard of in Navigation School in Florida: write Lt. Harold R. Shore. . . . Pvt. TROY GARNER, once in New Guinea with the Signal Corps, now believed to be in the Philippines: write Sgt. James D. Smith. . . . 1st Sgt. GRANT, formerly at the Univ. of Chicago: write Sgt. Robert Harris. . . . Cpl. EMANUEL W. HAYES, formerly at Jefferson Bks., Mo.: write Pfc. Robert L. Hobbs. . . . Cpl. THOMAS W. HAYES: write Cpl. C. F. Young. . . . Cpl. DANIEL E. HEATON, somewhere in the States: write Pvt. Mary E. Sproal. . . . Lt. HOOVER HOBBS, believed to be with the 1st Cav. Div.: write Pvt. Joe Nix. . . . Pfc. F. M. HOLSTEIN, last heard of at #3 BTC—CWAC, Co. A, 4 Pltn., Kitchener, Ontario: write Pvt. Michael Schoener. . . . Cpl. WILLIAM B. HOSKING, last heard of in the 313th Ftr. Sq., 50th Ftr. Gp., Orlando, Fla.: write Pvt. Arthur Beaudean. . . . ALBERT JONES, once in ASTP at the Univ. of Georgia: write T-5 David L. Jeffreys. . . . Capt. JORDAN, formerly of the III Bomber Command: write S/Sgt. Kenneth E. Ruppert. . . . LOUIS KUPINACK, once at Colon, Panama: write John Mroz Bkr3c. . . . Sgt. GEORGE LENTON, once at Lowry Field, Colo., Hq. Sq.: write T/Sgt. V. L. Mogel. . . . T-5 N. LOUBE, last heard of at Fort Ord, Calif.: write Cpl. LeRoy Hollander. . . . Pvt. AL (CURLY) MANNEFIELD, formerly at Camp Myles Standish, Mass.: write Pfc. Charles Gomez. . . . STEVE MATYA, somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: write Cpl. Leo A. Jankowski. . . . FRANCIS MARION MAY, once at Fort Bliss, Tex.: write Sgt. Charles S. Lauraine. . . . JOE MEDEIROS of Los Angeles, Calif., formerly with Merrill's Marauders, now somewhere in the States: write T-5 Edward Wilson. . . . Col. DYKE MEYER of the Ninth Air Force: write Pvt. Henry D. Meyer. . . . Sgt. K. R. MILLS, formerly in Class 22 at Lowry Field, Colo.: write T/Sgt. V. L. Mogel. . . . Lt. E. E. (RED) MORTENSON, once with the 4th Ferrying Gp. at Memphis, Tenn.: write Pvt. H. J. Mauer. . . . Pfc. JOHN MURRAY, formerly of Band C School, Fort Sheridan, Ill.: write T-5 Robert Hall. . . . Lt. GEORGE H. NEBECK, formerly of Chicago, Ill., later in the 276th Inf. at Camp Adair, Oreg. (platoon leader in the Pioneer Platoon): write Sgt. Frank E. Imwalle. . . . Cpl. RUBY NEWELL of Long Beach, Calif., now in the ETO: write Pfc. Fred C. Newell. . . Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE, somewhere in India: write Cpl. John M. Behm. . . . M/Sgt. GEORGE W. ODOM, 6886828, last heard of in England: write Pvt. Michael Driscoll. . . . Sgt. RUSSELL PADGETT, once in Hq. & Hq. Sq., Lowry Field, Colo.: write T/Sgt. V. L. Mogel. . . . Pvt. ALFRED E. PERRY, once at Atlantic City, N. J., in Sq. C, 706th Tng. Gp.: write Pvt. Cecil R. Walker. . . . M/Sgt. ROY PHILLIPS: write Pfc. Arthur Smallwood. . . . Cpl. MARIO THOMAS CIAVARELLI, 521 AB Sq., Harvard, Nebr., in Sept. 1943: write Harvey Goldfarb SP3c. . . . ROBERT B. RICHARDSON, last heard of at an Army air school in the States: write Cpl. Nathaniel G. Kelsey. . . . Sgt. HAROLD ROSENSWEET, last heard of at Hq., Med. Sec., 71st Div., Camp Roberts, Calif.: write S/Sgt. Steve A. Yarak Jr. . . . Pvt. JERRY ROBERTS, WAC, last heard of in New York: write Pvt. Landon H. Jones. . . . S/Sgt. MICHAEL SCROCCO, formerly with the 575th Tng. Gp., Miami Beach, Fla.: write the twins, Cpl. Ralph & Martin Grossman. . . . RICHARD C. SOTELO of Los Angeles, Calif., last heard of in 1941 in the Field Artillery: write Sgt. Robert L. Limon. . . . Lt. ROBERT G. WEAVER, last heard of at Med. Adm. Corps, OCS, Carlisle Bks., Pa.: write S/Sgt. F. J. Weaver. . . . Sgt. HOBART WILLIS, last heard of on reconnaissance flights over the Caribbean Sea: write T-4 Preston Sandbo. . . . T-5 MARGARET WILLIAMSON, at Radio School in Kansas City, Mo., summer of 1943, last heard of at an Air Base near Fort Wayne, Ind.: write Cpl. Walter Riess. . . . Maj. WILBUR WILSON, once at Fort Bragg, N. C., with the FA Replacement Center, later somewhere in Miss.: write Maj. Charles B. Robinson. . . . HARRY WISE of Pontiac, Mich., took basic training at Camp Roberts, Calif., Sept. 1942, then entered OCS: write Cpl. Nolan (Jack) Lannen. . . . Cpl. PAUL L. WISDOM, last heard of in England: write Pfc. Edgar S. Wisdom Jr.

SHE'S a blue-eyed blonde, just 5 feet 2 inches tall. She weighs 100 pounds on the nose. She was born June 10, 1926, at Rock Island, Ill. She made her stage debut at the age of 6. In 1942 she was signed by 20th Century-Fox. On that lot she's regarded as a likely successor to Betty Grable—if and when Betty needs a successor. Her latest picture: "Where Do We Go From Here?"

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ADVENTURE

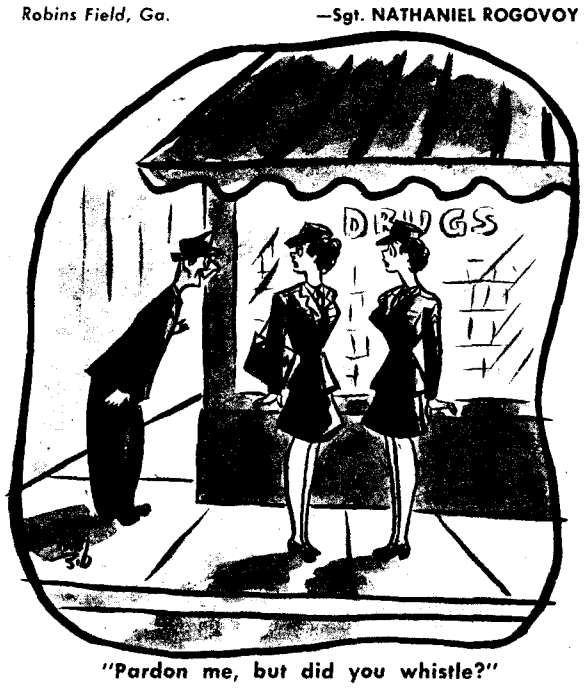
Each wispy cloud piece
That breaks away from the herd
To drift the uncharted way
Takes with it a part of me,
For I have followed the call
Of the wind.
The adventurer and I
Are forever one.
The rivulet which shuns
The river, to run its course
Alone, receives my tender love.

Lincoln AAF, Nebr. —Pfc. SAMUEL NAPARSTEK

POST-WAR EMPLOYMENT

There seems to be some fine hair splitting
About women working or quitting
When the war is ended and our men
Return and want their jobs again.
Some feel that the ladies, having tasted
The fruits of labor, will think wasted
The time spent parboiling hubby's stew.
I hope they're right in this point of view.
I do not plead for the status quo,
When I earned and women spent my dough.
My manly instincts might be outraged,
But I think that they could be assuaged.
I'd learn to loaf in easy stages
For a trim gal who earns good wages.

Robins Field, Ga. —Sgt. NATHANIEL ROGOVOY



"Pardon me, but did you whistle?"
—Cpl. Tom Zibelli, Fort Bliss, Tex.

MONDAY MORNING TYPIST

UGly little gremilns
WonIT you goawzy/
Monday istn' lkie
Ab ordinary daay.

I s aw you move tge wpace bar
And jjam those keus bessides.
Ufly lirtl grimlens
Damm yoru little hides!.

Beat it, scrsm, bwfore mi
Fingers starrt to itch
To tear you ilmb frlm lmib—Oh,
You goffzj#(-*%"&'$#?

Turner Field, Ga. —Pvt. ROBERT D. NESBITT

CAMOUFLAGE

Even the trees
Are in ODs.

Dale Mabry Field, Fla. —Cpl. RICHARD E. BODTKE

Streetcar No. 14

It might well be that you feel the same way about Old No. 14 as I do. It might just be that you have crammed yourself into it late Saturday night or appallingly early on Sunday morning the way I have.

There are streetcars in San Francisco which open at the sides. They have some old-as-Egypt streetcars in the mill cities of Maine—cities like Biddeford, Portland, Lewiston. A popular comic strip immortalizes a clanker and a crawler known as the *Toonerville Trolley*. But none of these can measure up to the electrified covered wagon which the constricted hearts of Lowry Field woefully know as Old No. 14.

Unless you can wave $5 bills at Denver taxicab drivers or rattle around in your own automobile, you have to abandon yourself completely to the tender mercies of Old No. 14. You have to tell the people you are to meet in Denver that you'll be there "around" a certain time instead of "at" a certain time. You might even persuade your pass

PX

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clerk to make your pass good until "around" 12:30 instead of precisely 12:30. Then you can board the pride of the Denver Tramway Company in a state of mental tranquillity.

Bring along a book the next time you take a ride on Old No. 14. There are new, engrossing 500-page novels over at the Service Club library, and I am sure the librarian will let you borrow one for the long trek into Denver. Also you might take a run over to your mess sergeant and persuade him to slip you a few bologna sandwiches on the house. You will need some food en route to Denver. The trip is only two or three miles by automobile, but it is at least 140 miles by way of Old No. 14.

You single men who are looking for comely wives, here is your golden opportunity. I know of at least five cases wherein Lowry soldiers met their future wives on Old 14. I know just how it happens. You get talking to one of these American beauties, and Old No. 14 keeps crawling along. After you have made a minimum of 1,000 stops without even arriving at Colorado Boulevard, both of you find yourselves running out of conversation. Rather than stand gaping at the girl, like an Irishman in Armenia, you finally up and ask her to marry you. You find that, from then on, there is a lot for the two of you to talk about; and Old No. 14 slinks on in the ultimate direction of Colfax and Broadway.

There was a move afoot some time ago, here at Lowry, to run a B-24 shuttle bus into Denver for the exclusive use of Air Force Unassigned privates who were having difficulty getting back to the field before curfew. It was felt by the originators of the move that the pride and joy of the Denver Tramway was just a trifle too slow for the eager-beaver KPs of Air Force Unassigned. The real truth of the matter was that these high-stepping privates were not getting back to their kitchens on time. The pots and pans were piling up, and something drastic had to be done.

The original plan was to fly a B-24 down into Denver, every hour on the hour, at an altitude of about 150 feet. The B-24 was to start climbing to 300 feet at the corner of Washington and Colfax, do a 90-degree turn at Broadway and then drop 15 privates on the roof of the Brown Palace Hotel. The roof of the Brown Palace, by the way, was to be surfaced with soft and downy Simmons Beautyrest mattresses.

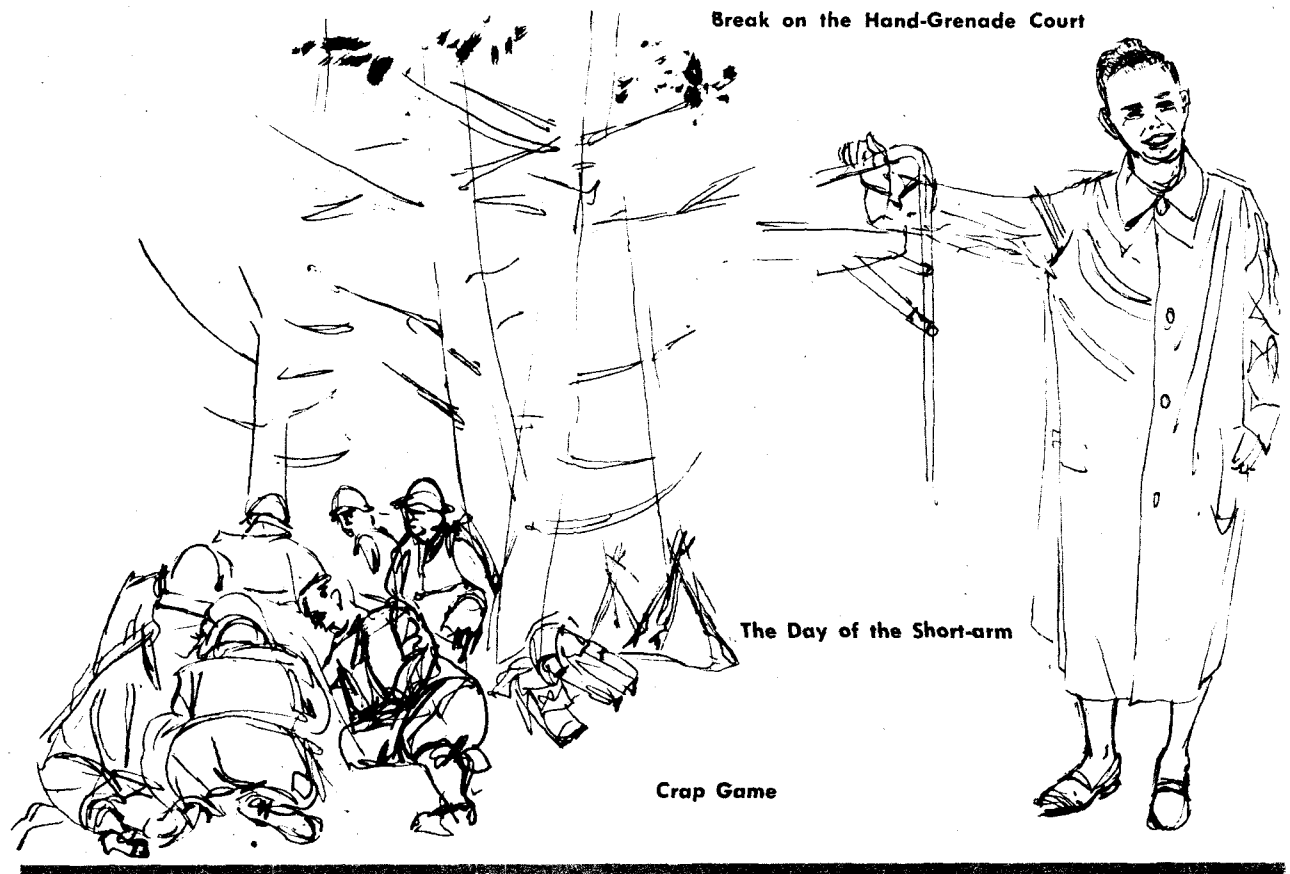
Civil air regulations eventually put the damper on the plans, however, and it was decided that, from then on, B-24s could fly over Denver at less than 200 feet only on AWOL-search missions and in time of civil war.

Anyway, the privates are glad they don't have a B-24 shuttle bus. By the time you get to Lowry on Old No. 14, you are cold sober and you amaze the MPs by the complete nonchalance with which you walk through the gate and down the street to your barracks.

Lowry Field, Colo. —Pvt. JOSEPH DEVER

"Well, did you get the three-day pass?"
—S/Sgt. Dick Ericson, Fort Totten, N. Y.

Break on the Hand-Grenade Court



The Day of the Short-arm

Crap Game

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SPORTS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

Basketball Scandal Puts Heat on Gamblers

PURGED. Coach Morris (Tubby) Raskin addresses Brooklyn College squad after five players implicated in scandal had been expelled. Left to right: Paul Urchenko, Frank Stanley, Sam Kalish, Sherman Smith, Capt. Bill Rosenblatt (only member of original varsity not involved), Mason Benson, Seymour Levy, and Morty Kliner. Team will play out scheduled games.

THE heat is on the shadowy characters without visible means of support who will bet you (at their prices) that you can't pick the winner of the Conn-Louis fight, the Army-Notre Dame game or the NYU-City College affair at the Madison Square Garden. Call 'em book-makers, gamblers or, as Mayor LaGuardia does, "tinhorns, punks, and parasites," but right now these off-color gents are about as popular as a polecat at a lawn party.

Not since seven members of the Chicago White Sox became the Black Sox by selling out their 1919 World Series against the Cincinnati Reds has the sports world had a scandal to compare with the one recently uncovered in Brooklyn. There had been rumors that gamblers were insuring themselves against risk by bribing basketball players before five members of the Brooklyn College team confessed they had received an advance of $1,000 on $3,000 to be paid them when they lost to the University of Akron in the Boston Garden. But these had been accepted as just the usual rumors with which a bettor alibis his failure to pick a winner.

Nobody in college circles seemed to have taken the rumors very seriously except Dr. Forrest (Phog) Allen, publicity-conscious University of Kansas basketball coach. "Professional gamblers already have caused two boys to throw basketball games in Eastern collegiate tournaments," Allen charged last fall. "More money is bet on collegiate football and basketball than on horse racing, but all the trouble it causes could be eliminated if college presidents would get together and appoint an absolute czar over all sports. If they don't, some of these college boys who have never seen big money are going to sell out, and it will cause a scandal that will stink to high heaven."

Allen's blast was pooh-poohed by Ned Irish, acting president of Madison Square Garden, and by the metropolitan sports writers and coaches. Bob Considine, sports columnist for International News Service, recalled after the Brooklyn scandal broke that he had said Allen "was an inveterate pop-off who never missed a bet to get his name on the sports pages and that by saying something was corny in Copenhagen he was indirectly indicting a lot of decent kids who have the gumption (and perhaps the family connections) to resist an offer from some rat who was out to pollute them. . . ." Bob wrote: "The thing to do, I guess, is to apologize to Phog Allen."

But the Brooklyn expose did more than make an "I told you so" prophet out of Allen. The five players involved were expelled from college and a clamor went up for the scalps of the gamblers and bookmakers. Just as legislative action followed the Black Sox scandal, so were bills framed for introduction in the various state legislatures to make bribery or attempted bribery of amateur athletes a serious offense.

District Attorney William O'Dwyer of King's County (Brooklyn) who fought the black market in Italy as a one-star general, resumed his office in time to take charge of the probe. The Kings County Grand Jury heard the testimony of sports writers and invited Mayor LaGuardia to appear before it. The Little Flower earned a chance to speak his piece when he devoted most of one of his popular Sunday broadcasts over city-owned WNYC to the "tinhorns and parasites" who have been the target of his wrath for 11 years. "It's tough on Brooklyn College," said the mayor, "because it happened to be the place where the scandal broke, but the influence of gamblers in amateur sports is much more widespread. Oh yes, I'm not hinting. This is generally prevalent."

The scandal also had its effect on gambling on other sports. Police assigned to the Madison Square Garden were instructed to keep the lobby free before and during all sports events there. Dr. Wilfred Smith, Tulane athletic director who was recently elected president of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, asked newspapers not to print odds on college games.

The exposure convinced the big-league baseball magnates that the need for a Judge Landis was greater now than when the late jurist took over as high commissioner of the national pastime. Before the Brooklyn scandal there had been a tendency on the part of some to minimize the immediate need for appointing a replacement for Landis.

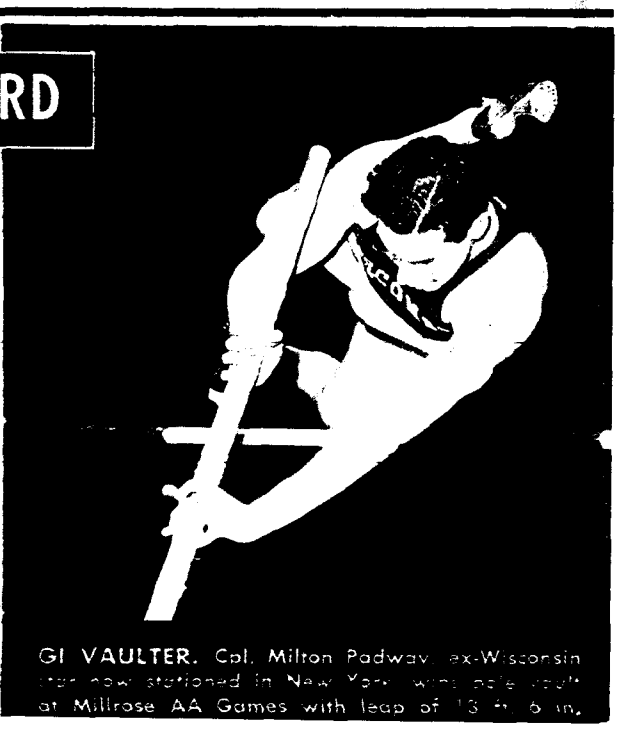
While there was some demand for the removal of collegiate athletic contests from the big arenas, definite stands were taken only by the athletic directors of the Big Ten Conference and Dr. H. P. Simmons, president of Akron University, whose team was to have played Brooklyn College at the Boston Garden. The Big Ten officials adopted a resolution against playing contests away from campuses except with permission of the conference. Dr. Simmons was more positive. "The University of Akron," he announced, "will compete in no more intercollegiate athletic contests where we do not contract directly with the educational institution with whom we are participating."

Bookmakers went back into the woodwork, at least temporarily. Frank Callahan, Philadelphia *Record* sports writer, reported that he was unable to bet $25 "on anything" at a basketball doubleheader at the Convention Hall after roaming around the bleachers all evening.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

PUTTING on a show at the Fifth Army Rest Center in Italy with Joe Medwick, Nick Etten and Tom Meany, **Leo Durocher** spied **Cpl. Bert Haas** in the crowd and had him join in the fun. Haas figured in the trade that brought Medwick to the Dodgers from St. Louis but was with the Reds when he went into the service. . . . After catching **Virgil Trucks** in the Army-Navy game at Honolulu, **Lt. Bill Dickey** says the former Detroit twirler has the best fast ball he has ever handled. . . . A B-24 outfit in the VII Bomb Group in Burma-India is known as "Cronin's Kids" because they all wear Red Sox baseball caps. . . . When a shipment of sports equipment was unloaded somewhere in North Africa and revealed a set of hockey sticks, GIs thought something was snafu until the Special Service officer explained that he had ordered the sticks for a desert version of the game he was going to teach them. . . . **Fred Corcoran**, who took **Jack Sharkey** and **Lefty Gomez** on a USO-sponsored tour of Africa and Italy last year, wants to take a golf show overseas. **Walter Hagen**, **Gene Sarazen**, **Tommy Armour** and **Sam Byrd** have already expressed a willingness to go.

Killed in action: **Lt. (jg) Ray (Bud) Brownell**, top-flight amateur golfer, in the Philippines. . . . *Died:* **Pfc. Hans Maier**, former fullback for the New York soccer Americans, in the Walter Reed Hospital of injuries received in the Salerno campaign. . . . *Missing in action:* **Capt. Walter R. (Waddy) Young**, former All-American end at the University of Oklahoma, who flew *Waddy's Wagon* on the first B-29 raids on Truk, Tokyo and Nagoya, after a raid on Tokyo. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Marty Glickman**, former Syracuse and Olympic track star, to first lieutenant in the USMC at Cherry Point, N. C. . . . *Transferred:* **Rollie Hemsley**, former Cleveland and New York Yankees catcher from Bainbridge (Md.) Training Center to the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Memphis, Tenn.



GI VAULTER. Cpl. Milton Padway, ex-Wisconsin star now stationed in New York, wins pole vault at Millrose AA Games with leap of 13 ft. 6 in.

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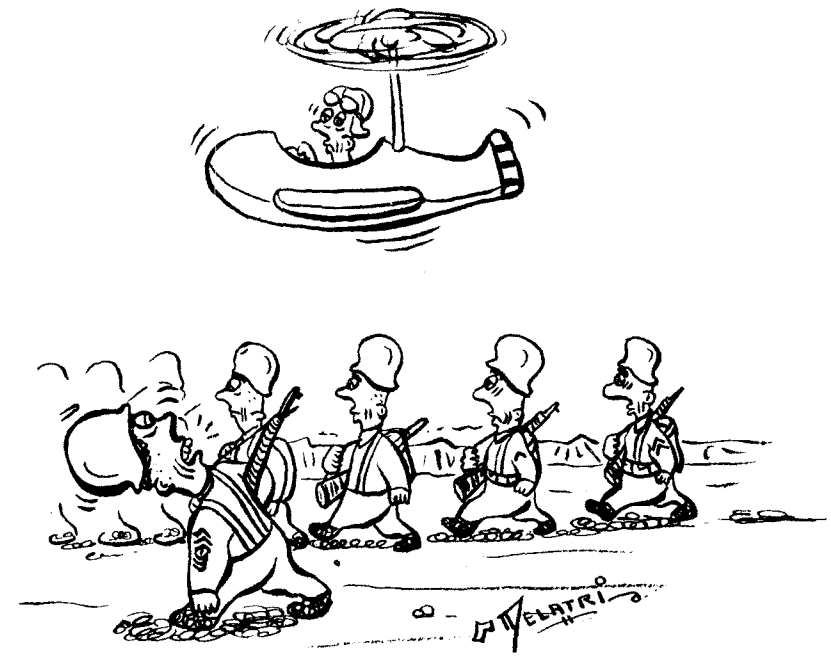
"SAY, LUDWIG, I NEVER DID FINISH 'MEIN KAMPF.' DOES IT HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?" —Pvt. Tom Flannery

"SINCE THE CIGARETTE SHORTAGE, ONLY THE FIRST-THREE-GRADERS ARE ALLOWED TO POLICE THE AREA." —S/Sgt. Bradford W. Long



"HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, MURPHY? YOU DON'T BELONG TO THIS OUTFIT ANY MORE!" —Pfc. Anthony Delatri

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"THE DARKER PORTIONS, ON THE OTHER HAND, DENOTE ENEMY HOLDINGS." —Cpl. Joseph Kramer

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